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Vol. CLIV No. 2013 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 20 1938

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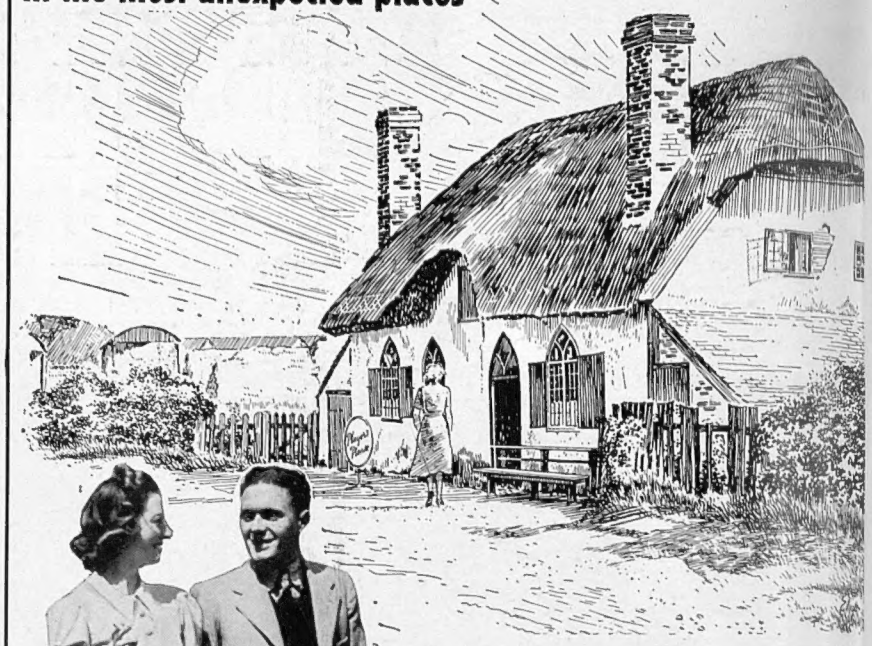

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 20, 1938

FLIGHT FROM PARIS

The Effect of Holidays With Pay in France—A Large Contingent of Working-class Folk Leaving the Train on Arrival at a Resort in Normandy

Paris this August has been de-peopled as never before. What are usually busy shopping streets now look like lifeless thoroughfares in a decaying city; factories are silent, and many a shop is shuttered and barred for the month. Point-duty police, usually the most hard-worked of men, are finding time on their hands, and at the Place de l'Opera, notorious for its hectic scenes of congestion, the traffic lights have actually been rested on some days. And the reason for all this is holidays with pay. The ordinary wage-earner, instead of being tied to his work bench for fifty-two weeks in the year, can now, through Government enactment, set about discovering his own country without losing the equivalent of a fortnight's wages and—what is more important—without risking his job. He is taking the opportunity with a will. The flight from Paris began on August 6, when most of the iron and steel plants in the metropolitan area closed their doors and 150,000 men and their families left the city in 250 extra trains, bound for seaside and countryside. Other trades followed suit, and as a result the big resorts are thronged to capacity, hotels and restaurants are doing a roaring trade, catering at one and the same time for this new clientele and for the foreign visitors lured to France by the attractive rate of exchange. The social significance of the mass holiday can hardly be exaggerated and, over and above all, it is clearly a factor making for national content at a troubled moment

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CURTSEYING IN UNISON: Joanna and Alison Cock, six-year-old twins, seen as they presented Queen Mary with purses in aid of the building fund after Her Majesty had opened the first block of the new buildings at Newnham College, Cambridge. The college first came into being in a modest way in 1875 as a hall of residence, and grew so rapidly that by the close of 1918 it actually housed 232 girl students. To-day the accommodation is inadequate and the present scheme of expansion calls for £100,000, of which £54,000 has up to now been subscribed

A LONDON

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, August 17, 1938.

FAR EASTERN TRUCE.—

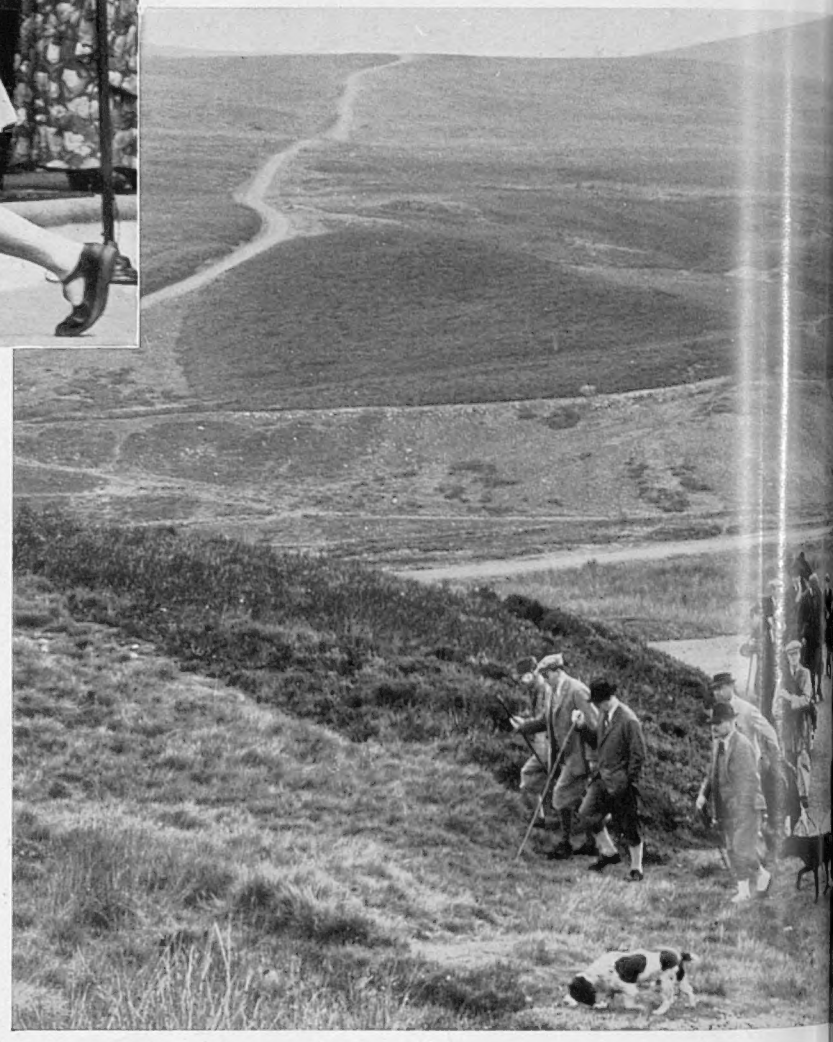
The Cease Fire has sounded. None of the Powers was quite prepared to encourage a Russo-Japanese war. Russia has had her way with Japan and Japan has taken a diplomatic knock. China, no doubt, is disappointed because the entry of Russia into big scale operations on the Manchukuo border would have relieved the pressure on China. Whether the attitude of Germany had anything to do with Russia's willingness to settle the question by a commission is not certain. Probably M. Litvinoff was not anxious to go all lengths. But it is clear that his instructions were to be firm and certainly in the result Russia has gained and Japan has receded somewhat in international prestige in the affair which, no doubt, originated in the folly of some local military hot-head in authority in Manchukuo and not from Tokyo. Japan quite obviously was very much frightened and has had to eat humble pie, and a very good dose of it will do Japan no harm. It is good to know that she cannot dictate to all her neighbours. It is an excellent corrective to aggression, and, we hope, means that one more crisis has been slipped out of, or postponed.

AVOIDABLE ACCIDENTS.

—The statistics dealing with accidents in factories and workshops prove convincingly that greater efforts should be made at schools to inculcate caution as an essential part of citizenship. "Safety First" is often condemned as a wretched slogan for the youth of a proud nation. How can we continue to throw up Drakes and Clives and Scotts and so forth under so pinchbeck an ideal? That is muddled thinking. The "Safety First" which needs inculcating is, first and foremost, thought for others. A man may go to Hell his own way, but it is the height of selfishness to carry others along in his Gadarene rush. Where men use dangerous weapons and work in crowds, "Safety First" is an essential duty of citizenship. Where a man works alone, he can please himself. This applies to car drivers on crowded roads, to flyers over inhabited areas, and to those who work in pits and factories at dangerous trades. As a rule, I believe, the older men in mines are intensely anxious to see that all the approved regulations are observed and are careful in the choice of their own wardens and inspectors. Younger men in factories and pits are often recklessly and selfishly careless and will go by all means to the short cut. Every day, and especially in holiday times, one comes across instances of incredible folly in the handling of dangerous tools. For example, last week a man shot a stray cat and proceeded to club it with his gun, while the second, live cartridge remained in the breech. Of course, it exploded and killed him. No man should be allowed to take out a gun licence (let alone a game licence) until he has passed his learner's test. Scores of men shoot in company who have not a notion how to handle a gun. Indeed, very few farmers take even the barest precautions with guns. "Safety First" is essential good citizenship where men work in crowds.

A GOAD FOR MR. JOAD.—

Berkeley Square House has effectually ruined Berkeley Square at a cost of £1,000,000. By a sudden decision, the Air Ministry decided to step in and use it as headquarters for its ever expanding staff. Mr. Joad, speaking at the City of London Vacation Course on the day of the decision (not a case of cause and effect), said:—"Science has given us powers fit for the gods: we bring to their use the mentality of public school boys and savages." (Rather a hard saying for the old school tie.) "The superman made the aeroplane: the ape has got hold of it. The greatest of man's inventions threatens his civilisation with destruction." It is a curious phenomenon (you will admit) how suddenly (and long after you and I clearly appreciated the dangers ahead) the general public have tumbled to what universal flying is about to achieve in the destruction of so much that makes life bearable and in threats to our civilisation. Do you imagine that as yet any member of the Government is alive to the threats and taking active steps to plan regulations and to make scientific researches into ways of minimising them? Of course not. They are all engaged in devising means to prevent what in the long view is a very minor "danger from the air"—the blotting out of the living generations of men by aerial bombardment. (Exceptionally, Lord Baldwin was never in doubt of the danger. See below for a curiously interesting gleaning from the past.) Mr. Joad passed on to criticism of other fields of scientific inventions thrown to the monkeys. Men of genius laboured to produce the radio and the ether vibrates with tripe and onions. And so on. Yes, these stings and flings have been flung before and are received with the indulgent smile usually accorded to the vapourings of Old Stagers and Old Codgers. But is there, indeed, nothing in them? Is there nothing in the suggestion that a board of scientists and philosophers might be usefully set up and employed to refuse or grant permits for new scientific inventions for a period of twenty years or until we have digested or learned to control our appetite for those which we now employ? Is there no sense in looking ahead and planning? Is there nothing in a reading of history? The road death scandal gives us an answer, if doubt exists in any minds.



NEWS FROM THE PAST.

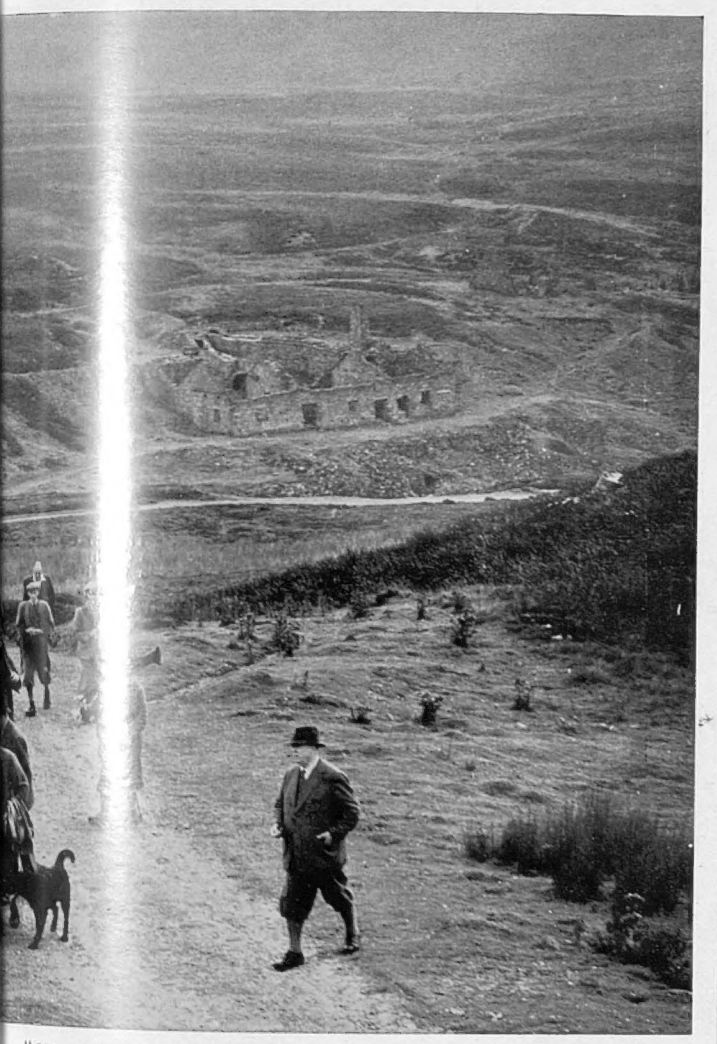
FLYING.—This week our gleanings from past history are peculiarly stimulating and "give furiously to think." During the period referred to, Lord Baldwin was Lord President (and the big noise) in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's National Ministry, and Lord Londonderry Secretary for Air. If you read the excerpts (which are "fair" excerpts) from these two speeches made only a few years ago, many questions leap to your tongue. For instance: (1) Many people like myself are in perfect sympathy with Lord Baldwin's verdict on flying. By and large, we think it the greatest curse that ever fell on humanity (in the words of Lord Cecil). But (2) By what logic does Lord Baldwin fasten the blame for the probable end of our civilisation through this curse on the young men? True, the young men do most of the flying. But the men to organise and encourage flying are not all chickens. Which—employer or employed—has the last word in whether flying shall or shall not increase? Does the present Cabinet endorse and authorise the civil air guard scheme? (3) If in 1932–4 the big noise in the British Government felt and expressed such loathing of flying, may we fairly argue that flying and air defence might to-day have made greater strides under an enthusiastic Cabinet chief? (4) Lord Londonderry's speech is better remembered than Lord Baldwin's. It is the wording rather than the sense which has so deeply shocked many people who are not mere ostriches. Does Lord Londonderry still defend his choice of words to-day or does he shudder to recall them? And (5) What sort of Coalition or National Government is that wherein it is pull devil, pull baker, about so vital a question of the hour? Truly, the recent utterances of our Ministers may make us tremble for our system of government.

THE TWO VOICES.—

Read and perpend:—Extract of speech by Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons on November 10, 1932. "I certainly do not know how the youth of the world may feel, but it is not a cheerful thought to the older men that, having got the mastery of the air, we are going to defile the earth from the air as we have defiled the soil during all the years that mankind has been on it. This is a question for the younger men far more than it is for us. They are the men who fly in the air. Future generations will fly in the air more and more. . . If the conscience of the young men should ever come to feel with regard to this one instrument that it is evil and should go, the thing will be done; but if they do not feel like

NEWSLETTER

that—well, as I say, the future is in their hands. But when the next war comes, and European civilisation is wiped out, as it will be, and by no force more than by that force, then do not let them lay the blame upon the old men. Let them remember that they, they principally or they alone, are responsible for the terrors that have fallen upon the earth." Extract from speech by Lord Londonderry in the House of Lords on May 22, 1935. "In 1932 the Disarmament Conference assembled, and almost its earliest discussions were centred around the possibility of the total abolition of air forces or at least of the abolition of the artillery of the air, the bombing aeroplane, which is the weapon which is the distinctive arm of the air force and to which it owes its separate existence. Through that period, difficult for any Air Minister and particularly for one who, like myself, has always been convinced of the prime importance of the maintenance of an effective air arm to the security of this country, I kept impressing upon my colleagues and upon the country generally the vital nature and place of the Royal Air Force in the scheme of our defences. I had the utmost difficulty at that time, amid the public outcry, in preserving the use of the bombing aeroplane even (*sic*)on the frontiers of the Middle East and India . . . . I felt certain that when the ideals of abolition were examined practically they would be discovered to be inapplicable in the state of the world to-day. We could not put the clock back. Limitation, not abolition, was all we could really hope for. Limitation, I foresaw, was the ultimate policy, which I continually urged; the policy for which I and my advisers at the Air Ministry were constantly preparing."



"ST. GROUSE'S DAY" ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS: Members of Mr. H. M. Martineau's party walking up to the butts on Reeth Moor on August 12, the first day of the grouse season, when quite good sport was enjoyed both in the North of England and Scotland. Birds are not particularly plentiful this year, however, the exceptionally wet weather at the beginning of June having taken a very considerable toll of the stock

AIR-MINDED.—The new scheme to make the nation a nation of flyers appears to have caught the public fancy more quickly than A.R.P. From now on, on every day of the week when flying is possible, the air is likely to be crowded and noisy. The inexorable march of science forbids complaint. It is logical and obvious policy. In the Middle Ages it was necessary to make the nation bow-minded, and every village green became an archery practice ground. Later, it became necessary to meet the Spanish menace by making the nation sea-minded, and the privateers of the West helped to drive to destruction the Armada. To-day we must become a nation of air-sailors. But, if life is to remain endurable, something must be done to make those who remain on the ground air-minded also. For the past two years certain areas of England have become intolerable at week-ends from proximity to aerodromes. Hatfield is one such. Week-enders there no longer attempt to sit in their gardens; the stress of noise is too hideous. Henceforth, many thousands of homes will be intolerably noisy every day of the week in summer. Within the next year tremendous problems—for peace has its problems no less renowned than war—must be faced. Noise is rightly regarded as a terrible menace to the nation's health. When the air becomes still further congested, death *from* the air will be as grave a problem as death in the air. We haven't begun to contemplate—let alone to tackle—the problems which universal flying holds for us. Noise and the risks of jettison from the air must inevitably call sooner or later for drastic regulations.

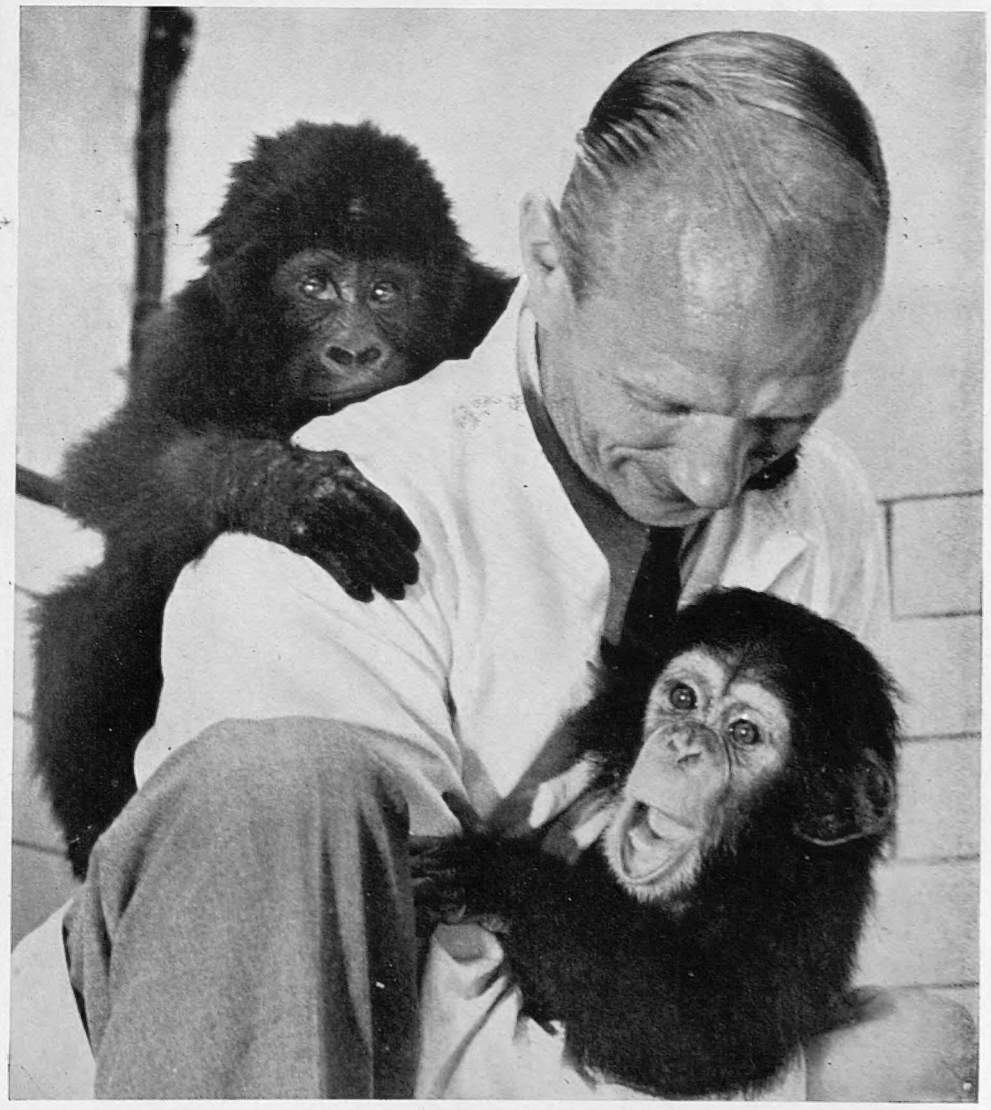
45, BERKELEY SQUARE.—I have been wondering what would be the fate of No. 45, Berkeley Square, that fine sombre house on the west side, which bore the barely discernible name plate inscribed "Earl of Powis," and showed on either side of its doorstep the old iron extinguishers by which the running footmen and linkmen put out their torches when their lord and lady had been lighted home through the dark streets. Within was the bedroom in which Lord Clive ended his life in tragic circumstances. Dr. Buchman (it is stated) succeeds Lord Powis. The house is to be the headquarters of the Group Movement. The Oxford Group does not lack funds, and the torch lit by Dr. Buchman will not be extinguished with the old Powis snuffers. But I hope they will remain when Dr. Buchman's "plate" succeeds Lord Powis's. For a sense of the past is useful even for those who plan for the future, and such a *memento mori* as a torch snuffer is a symbol which enjoins humility on leaders of religious or political movements. If the old house retains still any melancholy shades, Dr. Buchman's young men will soon laugh them out of court.

MYSTERIES OF MARS.—We are not waiting for the conquest of the top of Everest before "enlarging our horizon" beyond the earth. The Messenger from Mars will shortly bring the mysteries of that planet in close touch with the earth and solve the vexed question of those canals. The Man in the Moon will come down—and not too soon—within 50 miles of us. The world's largest telescope, a 200-in. eye, has now been completed and is to be assembled on Mount Palomar, California. It will bring the moon, which is 240,000 miles away, within 50 miles of us, and bring 1,000,000,000 stars within our ken. The lens has been made in London. When Shakespeare wrote "How far that little candle throws its beams!" he was making a prophecy about the Palomar telescope. For this new eye enables a man to see a candle's light which is burning at least 3,000 miles away—at any rate theoretically.

THE "TWELFTH"—A BREAK WITH CONVENTION.—The famous photograph of "Sportsmen riding up to the butts" (which included Lord Lonsdale and Lord Mar and was at least ten years old), which had been an annual feature of a certain respected journal on the "Twelfth," did not make its appearance this year. Nor did I see the usual account of "Grouse flown to London (from the cold storage moors) and eaten for luncheon on the Twelfth at the 'Excelsior'." Here are significant breaks with time-honoured convention. They decide me to withhold my annual (and quite charming) little essay on the delights of viewing the Moray Firth from my butt before the arrival of the first driven coveys. This hardy annual will be kept (like the "Excelsior" grouse) in cold storage in deference to those of my readers who have good-humouredly chaffed me about its punctual appearance each year. And serve them right, if they lose a treasure! For that article was an *original* each year, the same well-worn subject dressed in a nice, new frock.

LITTER.—An inspiring call in the "Thunderer" to local authorities to tidy-up England greatly cheered me on my way to London in a drizzle yesterday. The writer painted the picture of once lovely, nature-dowered approaches to big towns or towns once prosperous which are to-day made hideous by large-scale litter. Derelict factories, rusty plants, slag heaps undressed, and the lesser littering of dismantled or disused motor cars and so forth. It is a true picture. As the "Thunderer" says: The land is not itself in permanent disuse. But human initiative will never look at it until it has had a wash and brush up. Nor will nature re-establish on that ground anything useful to man. Thus, the cry to tidy-up England is apt and sound sense. And for local authorities the business may be feasible. But in microcosm the problem is insoluble. Every week in the year the private country dweller, beyond the reach of litter collection, must bury his metal and glass scrap. What is he doing? He is putting week by week another square yard of his property and of England permanently "out of cultivation"—or for fifty years at least. It is an ugly thought. Paper and rag litter and the leavings of picnic-fiends are a tiresome problem but time and nature can deal with much of the trouble. But with glass and metal scrap the ruin is irretrievable in our time.

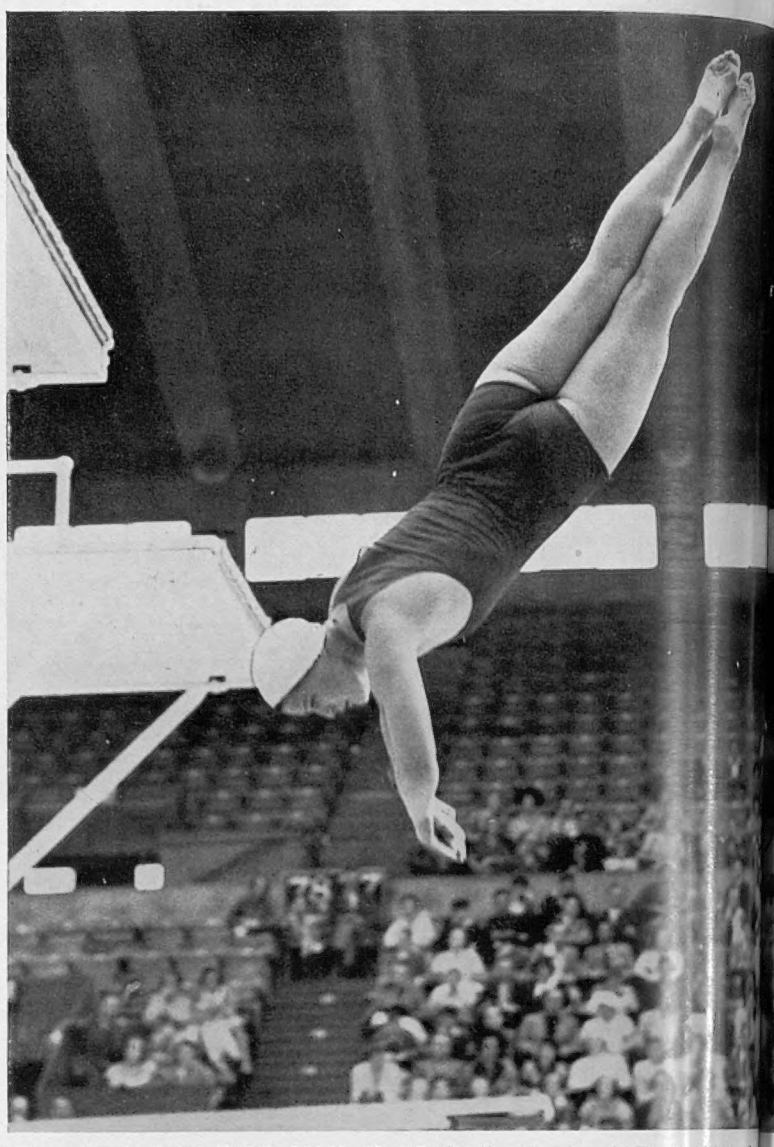
THE OLD STAGER



TO FILL THE PLACE OF THE LATE LAMENTED MOK, who died this year, the Belgian Government has presented the London Zoo with a new gorilla, by name Meng, who will eventually become the husband of the famous Moina, but during her infancy is sharing quarters with the baby chimpanzee, Jacqueline. Meng (left) and Jacqueline (right) are as yet a trifle cautious of each other, and a keeper remains with them day and night. It is hoped they will become fast friends. Considering the enormous bulk he is eventually destined to attain, Meng now seems very small. However, slow growth in the early stages is a characteristic of the gorilla, and it is actually recorded that Bobby, of Berlin Zoo, grew from 33 lb. at the age of three to 577 lb. at the age of ten

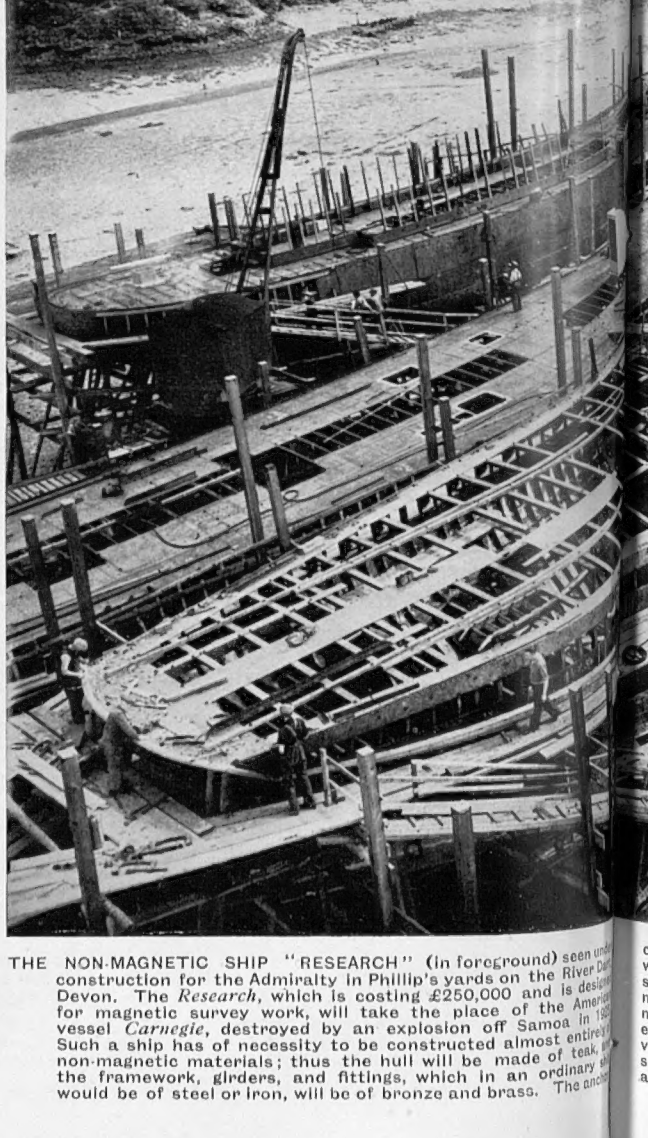
A SPHERE SURVEY

DALKEITH—ANOTHER KIRKUK? Taking a sample of the first consignment of 2,200 gallons of crude oil to arrive in Purfleet, Essex, from the Anglo-American Oil Company's test well at D'Arcy Farm, Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, where it is hoped to develop the oilfield on a commercial basis. Never before has oil been found in such quantities in Britain, and arrangements have been made for the sinking of nine more wells within a mile radius



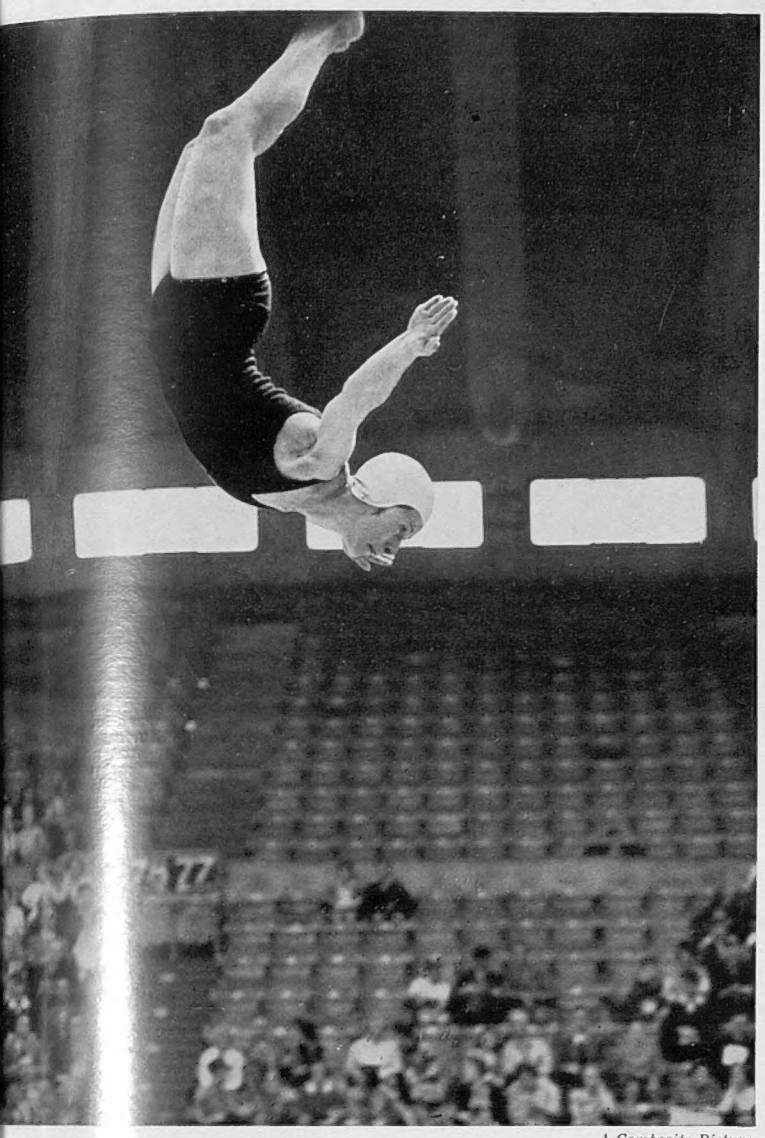
GIRL DIVERS SHOW THEIR PACES AT WEMBLEY: Miss Leonie Tholen (Holland) and Miss M. Heijkenskjold (Sweden) giving spectacular displays during the fifth European Swimming Championships which brought big crowds to the Empire Pool. The women's springboard diving event was won by Miss Betty Slade, a seventeen-year-old English girl, but this was one of the few British successes during

THE JAMAICAN RAIL DISASTER: A salvage party searching among the wreckage after the recent tragedy in which sixty people lost their lives and a like number were seriously injured. The train was packed with holidaymakers en route to the festival marking the hundredth anniversary of the liberation of the island's slaves, and it appears that when the leading locomotive was derailed, a following engine continued to push, ploughing through several of the coaches. The disaster occurred in a deep cutting



THE NON-MAGNETIC SHIP "RESEARCH" (in foreground) seen under construction for the Admiralty in Phillip's yards on the River Dart, Devon. The *Research*, which is costing £250,000 and is designed for magnetic survey work, will take the place of the American vessel *Carnegie*, destroyed by an explosion off Samoa in 1929. Such a ship has of necessity to be constructed almost entirely of non-magnetic materials; thus the hull will be made of teak, and the framework, girders, and fittings, which in an ordinary ship would be of steel or iron, will be of bronze and brass. The anchor

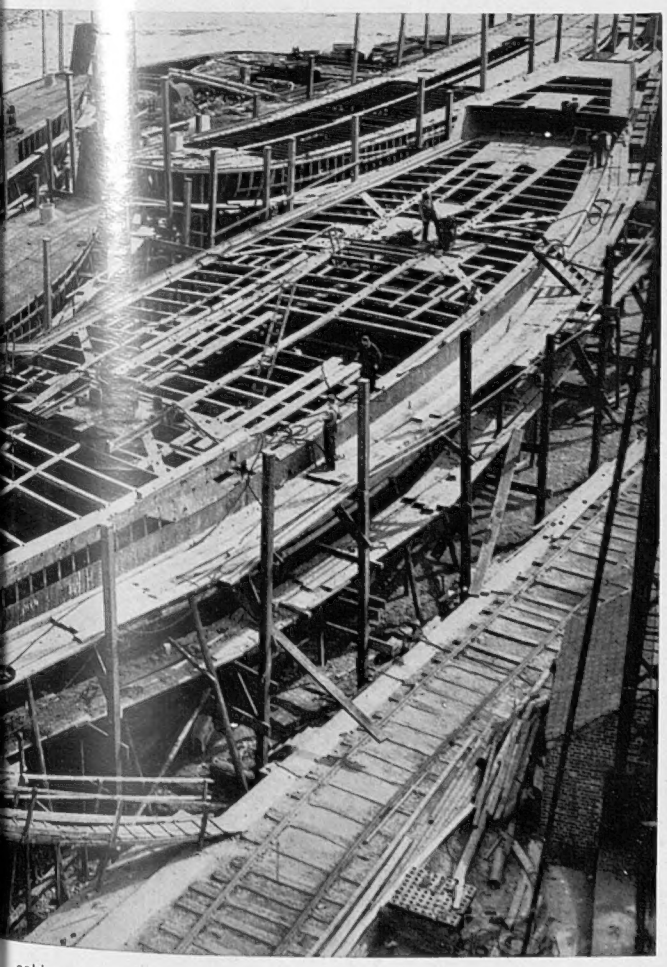
SCOTLAND'S DEVELOPING OIL FIELD: EUROPEAN DIVERS MEET AT WEMBLEY: FATHER DIVINE GOES TO KRUM ELBOW: THE "BRANDENBURGH'S" FLIGHT



A Composite Picture

the meeti... Germany won the Cup of Europe for the country scoring the most points in ... men's events, and Denmark, whose women swimmers gained a majority o... ints, was awarded the Bredius Cup. Some record times were set up during ... week, which was also notable for the use of the much-discussed butterfly b... st stroke. It is possible that it may be banned in future contests

"HEAVEN ON THE HUDSON": Father Divine, the New York negro revivalist, pictured as he led his "Archangels" and other followers ashore after steaming up the River Hudson to inspect their new "heaven" at Krum Elbow, the estate which has been sold to them by Mr. Howland Spencer, a gentleman farmer, and where they propose to establish a centre for their much publicised cult. Krum Elbow lies directly opposite President Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park

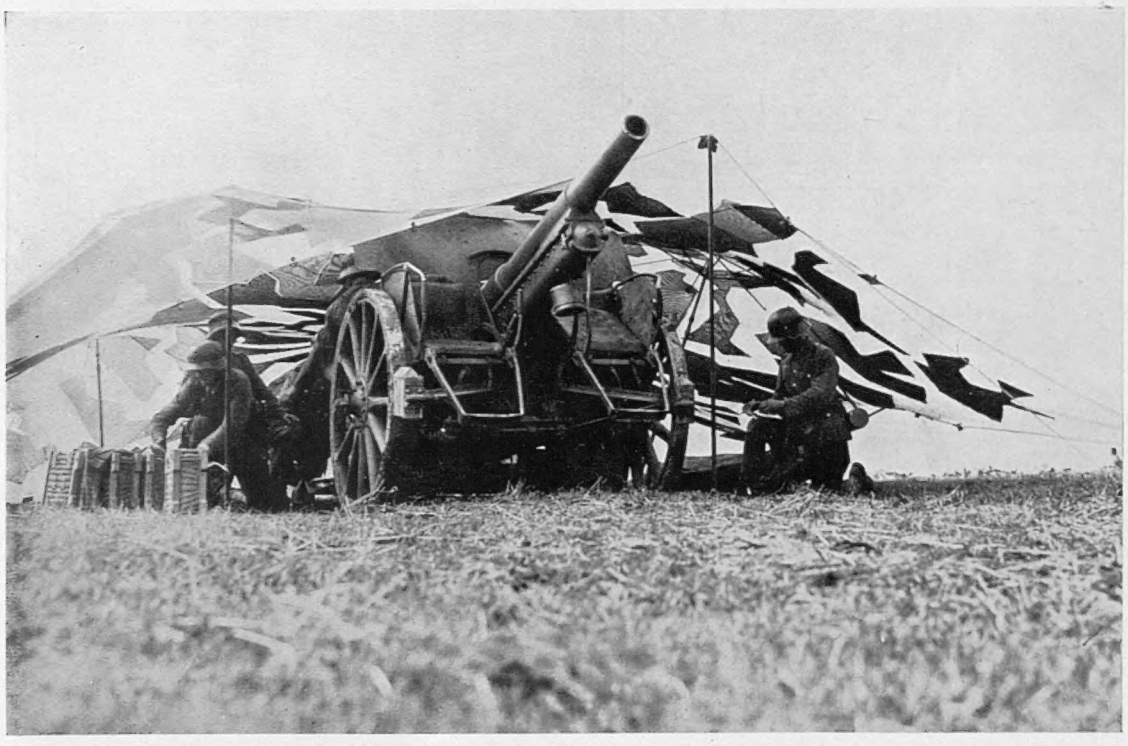


cables, and all the bolts will also be of bronze, the galley equipment will have no steel or iron, and the crew will not be allowed to carry steel penknives. The ship will be brigantine-rigged, and will cruise mostly under sail, but she will be fitted with an auxiliary heavy-oil motor. Besides the study of magnetic variations, the ship's work will embrace investigation of atmospheric electricity, meteorological observations, including upper-air observations by pilot balloons, deep-sea soundings, and, possibly, marine biology. The data collected will be available to all countries, so that accuracy of navigation may be increased

GERMANY FETES ATLANTIC CONQUERORS: The four German airmen pictured with bouquets on arrival at the Templehof Aerodrome last Sunday after completing their remarkable double flight in the air liner *Brandenburgh* from Berlin to New York and back, the first "leg" occupying just under 25 hrs. and the second just under 20 hrs. The same crew, it is announced, are shortly contemplating an attack on Howard Hughes' lately accomplished round-the-world flight record of 91 hrs. 17 mins.

GERMANY: A Million Men Under Arms

INFANTRY ON THE MOVE during the German army manœuvres which began this week in many parts of the Reich and will continue until the end of September. Altogether 1,000,000 men will be under arms when the exercises reach their peak, and the elaborate nature of the plans has given rise to anxiety in European diplomatic circles. Altogether 750,000 reservists have been called to the colours, and as a result many industrial firms have been so drained of labour that they are keeping going only with the greatest difficulty. Some indeed have closed down



WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR ON THE JUTEBORG FRONT: A camouflaged gun and its crew ready for the start of the exercises which commenced this week in the region forty or so miles to the south-west of Berlin, and were watched by Herr Hitler and Field-Marshal Göring. Last Monday in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Dr. Silex, one of Germany's best-known publicists, attacked those who had spread "alarmist reports" regarding the manœuvres

SWITZERLAND LOOKS TO HER FRONTIERS: A scene in the region of the Bernina Pass, in the Canton of Grisons, a district bordering on Northern Italy, where the Swiss military authorities have forbidden tourists to go and where they are widely reported to be spending large sums on the erection of fortifications. Similar defences have for some time past been set up at the St. Gothard Pass, on the same frontier, and at St. Maurice and Martigny

ITALY: Experimental

VANGUARD OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE: Bersaglieri machine-
the advance of camouflaged tanks during the Italian
described as being of a more experimental nature than
with Signor Mussolini's recently-announced decision to
exact steps the Duce and his military advisers intend

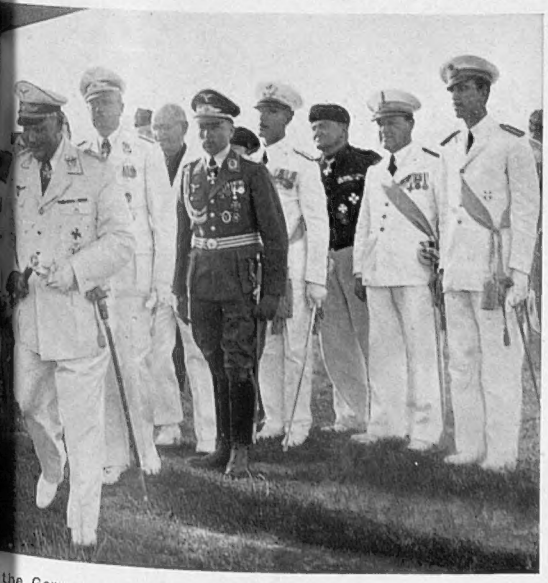
A COMMANDING FIGURE: Prince Humbert (right), son and heir of King Victor Emmanuel, pictured at the Italian army manœuvres in the Abruzzi region, east central Italy, where he was an interested spectator

A MUCH DISCUSSED MEETING: Field-Marshal Göring, Governor-General of Libya, at Staaken aerodrome after to Germany ostensibly to inspect Reich aircraft esta —German—Italian pact limiting air warfare. Since 193

Exercises in the Abruzzi

gunners, their weapons mounted on motor cycles, protecting military manœuvres in the Abruzzi. These exercises were usual, and it seemed clear that they had a close connection increase the all-round efficiency of his armed forces. What to take have not, at the time of writing, been announced

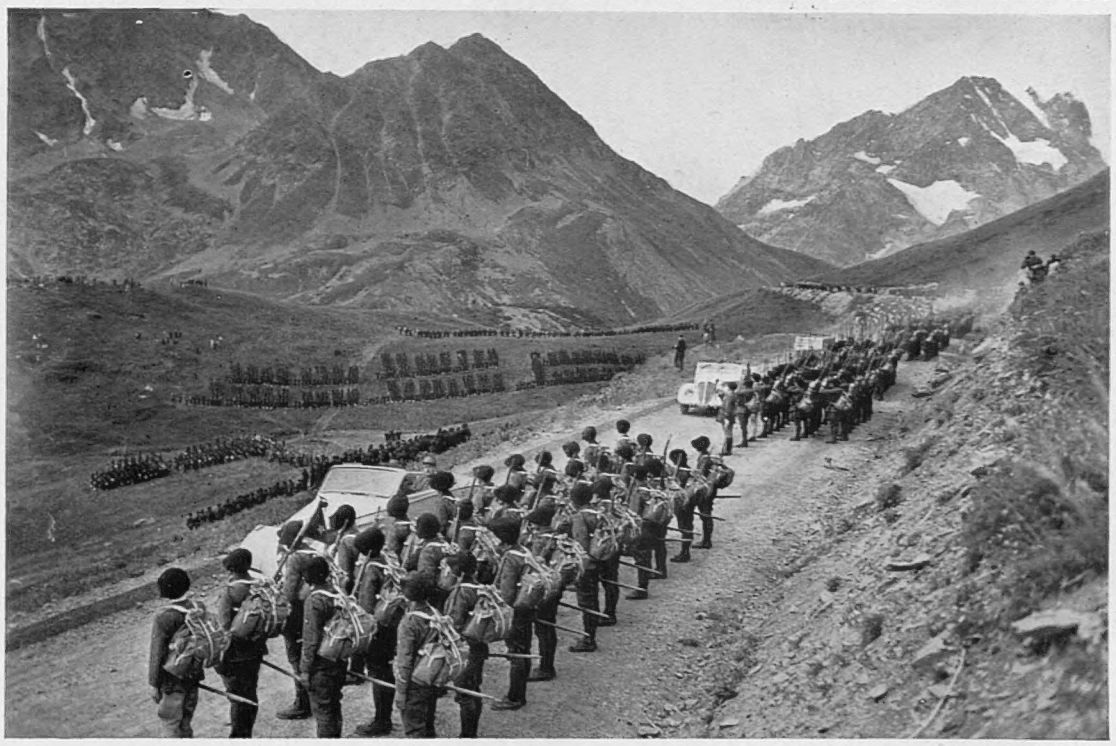
MONARCH AND DUCE: King Victor Emmanuel, chief of the Italian fighting forces, and Signor Mussolini seen leaving an observation post after inspecting the disposition of the troops during the Abruzzi manœuvres



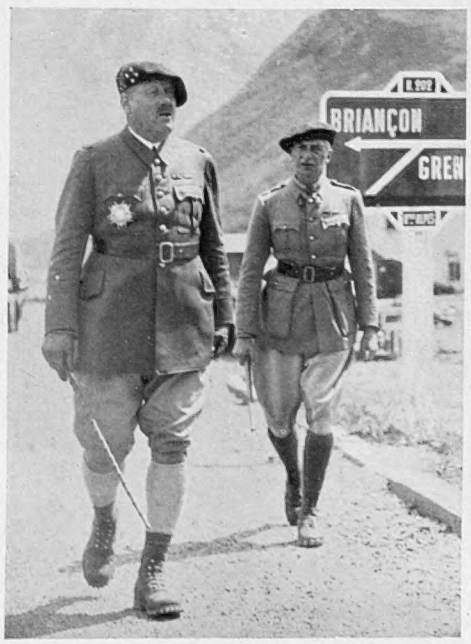
the German Air Minister, and his guest, Air-Marshal Balbo, the latter's arrival by plane from Tripoli on a short visit fishments and possibly in connection with a British — French Marshal Balbo has not figured largely in international affairs

FRANCE: The Alpine Army on Manœuvres

FRENCH TROOPS EXERCISE ON DIZZY HEIGHTS: A radio post established on a peak somewhere in the Savoie and Haute Savoie district where detachments accustomed to mountaineering have been engaged on manœuvres designed to test their abilities in Alpine warfare. This mimic war took place close to the Italian border—though never nearer than 5 miles—and, at one period, a section actually took up its station near the 15,781 ft. summit of Mont Blanc. Foreign attachés attended, the British and Italian representatives being loudly cheered by the troops

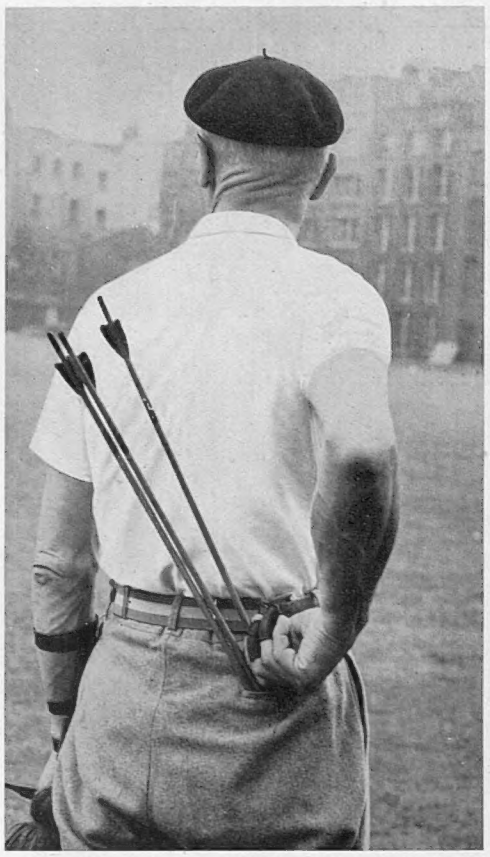


PARADE IN THE LAUTERET PASS: French Alpine soldiers drawn up to await inspection by President Lebrun, Defence Minister Daladier, and General Gamelin, chief of the General Staff, following their exercises in the mountainous region of Savoie. "France's Alpine army," said M. Lebrun in a speech to the men, "has given a magnificent example of tenacity, endurance, and enthusiasm. France may have faith in her mountain soldiers, as in all her other troops"



A MASTER OF ALPINE TACTICS: General Touchon, Military Governor of Lyons and commander of the 14th Region of the French army, who directed the manœuvres

THE PRESIDENT AT THE MANŒUVRES: M. Albert Lebrun in conversation with foreign military attachés during the review in the Lauteret Pass following the mimic war. Britain's representative was Major de Linde, Assistant Military Attaché in Paris



TOXOPHILITES IN COMPETITION: A French entrant who used his hip pocket as a quiver (*left*), and (*right*) Mrs. Aingworth, of Cleveland, Ohio, testing her bow during the World Archery Championship, which was held last week in the grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company at Finsbury—an appropriate spot, indeed, for the H.A.C., it may be remembered, originated with a body of archers established by Henry VIII

EXPERTS AT THE BUTTS: *Left*—Weston Martyr, of Colchester, with his bow string drawn back to the chin as he was about to quit an arrow in the World Archery Championship. *Right*—Janina Kurkouska-Spychajoun, of Poland, fixing an arrow in her bow. Her quiver is adorned with badges gained in previous contests

"STOUT ARM, STRONG BOW AND STEADY EYE": Mrs. May Aingworth, Cleveland Archery Club, Ohio, seen with her bow bent to the full before the moment of "quitting," the string flattening her nose and chin in rather curious fashion. On her left arm she wears what is known as a bracer—a leather guard serving as protection from the recoil of the string. In her own country Mrs. Aingworth is accustomed to using sights

BOWMEN TAKE TO STEEL

Competitors in the World Archery Championship Show a Preference for the New All-Metal Bows

By M. G. HOGG

In the accompanying article Captain M. G. Hogg, who has many times represented England in archery contests and is a member of the Royal Toxophilite Society, discusses modern trends in archery—a sport which, in its own unobtrusive way, still enjoys a wide following, as witness the fact that at least 100 entrants representing eleven nations competed in the World Championship contests last week in the grounds of the Honourable Artillery Company at Finsbury.

SINCE primitive man first discovered that a springy piece of wood could be used to store up the energy of his own muscles and transfer it to a speeding shaft, no small part of the inventive ability of the human race has been directed towards perfecting the bow.

For warfare or hunting the chief quality is "cast," or the power to shoot a great distance, and, in pursuit of this, two distinct patterns of bow were gradually evolved—the wooden "long" bow and the short "composite" bow made of horn, sinew, and wood. The former developed into the dreaded English war bow of the Middle Ages—capable of putting down the most even and effective barrage that the world had yet seen—some 160–180 yards in front of the line of battle—and able to pierce the best plate armour.

The "composite" bow was that used by the Saracens from horseback, and the story of the Crusades bears witness to its deadly effect. It reached its zenith in the hands of the Turks, who apparently shot arrows to the almost incredible distance of 800 yards with its aid. Although Turkish bows still exist, they have not been made since the seventeenth century, and the secrets of their manufacture have been lost.

Many attempts were made to use steel for bows, but no success was attained except in the case of the cross bow—a totally different type of weapon, in which a very heavy steel bow of nearly 1,000 lbs. drawing weight was drawn with mechanical assistance. Its necessarily slow rate of fire made it of little use in the field.

Nowadays, hunting with the bow is becoming increasingly popular — particularly in America, where thousands of acres are preserved for the bow.

However, target shots outnumber the hunters, and for target purposes another quality, "steadiness," becomes important—in my own opinion, all important. A "steady" bow is one which can be depended on to shoot the arrow with as far as possible the same velocity for a large number of shots spread over a long time. Wooden bows tend to a greater or less degree to lose "cast" in warm weather. Only excellent bow wood skilfully made up into a bow will reduce this factor to a minimum.

Bows of a sharp "cast" tend to take full advantage of any slight errors of loosing on the archer's part, and in this connection it may be well to point out that the velocity of the arrow can be affected as much as 20 per cent. by the manner in which the fingers leave the string. Since this delicate operation of loosing must be performed when the archer is at full draw, with a tension equal to perhaps 50 lbs. weight in his fingers, he has some excuse for slight errors!

The most interesting developments of recent years have come from America and Sweden. The American contribution has been in the direction of high efficiency wooden bows. Research by many highly skilled archers has resulted in a bow more evenly stressed throughout its length — and one which can therefore be made shorter without fear of breakage. The shorter bow has quicker recoil, and hence, sharper cast. I own one of the latest pattern, whose drawing weight is 45 lbs. and whose performance is equal to that of a 60 lb. bow of ten years ago. I have not owned it long enough to determine whether it is as "steady" as I think desirable, but very high scores are made with them in America.

Compared with this ultra-modern weapon, the Swedish bow savours of old wine—but in distinctly new bottles. It is a *successful* steel bow. How successful may be judged by the fact that some 50 per cent. of the archers competing in the World Championship at Finsbury last week used Swedish "tin" bows. Made by a firm which specialises in drawn steel tubing for aircraft, these bows have good cast and are supremely steady. From an æsthetic point of view, I should prefer a bow of wood and the "silky" feel of a fine yew bow is delightful, but, from a practical standpoint, there can be no question that this Swedish bow combines most of the essential qualities of a good target bow.

THE SEARCH FOR THE LOST LEICHHARDT EXPEDITION

New Discoveries in the Simpson Desert may Provide the Vital Clue to a Mystery of Australian Exploration

THE PITILESS WASTES OF AUSTRALIA'S "DEAD HEART": A scene on the edge of the Simpson Desert, near Charlotte Waters, which is as featureless as the sea and where only the traveller of proved experience may dare to venture in any degree of safety. It was through terrain such as this that Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt and his party must have passed on their ill-fated expedition in 1848, when they sought to traverse the continent from the limits of settlement in Queensland to the Swan River, Western Australia, about 2,500 miles distant. Somewhere on the way they perished, and now, nine decades later, comes news that remains have been discovered which may well be those of the lost men. A new expedition is accordingly being dispatched to look into the whole matter officially

(Pictures by Michael Terry)

THE WILD BLACKS OF THE AUSTRALIAN HINTERLAND often assist the white man with information as to the whereabouts of waterholes, and they are always ready to retail the gossip of the desert. There is a theory that Leichhardt met his death at the hands of these aborigines, but it is only one of many advanced

IT seems that at last, after waiting ninety years, the outstanding mystery of Australian exploration is to be solved. The claim to have found the skeletons of eight human beings which a cattleman, rounding up cattle belonging to Charlotte Waters, has made must be properly accepted or the chief secretary would not have announced the news to the Legislative Council. Nor would he have inferred that they represent the clue to the complete disappearance of the ill-fated expedition led by Dr. Leichhardt unless the evidence was very strongly to this effect and further inquiry considered worth while.

Long before the central and western deserts of Australia had been explored, after three previous trips not far inland, in the early part of 1848 Leichhardt set out on his courageously-planned attempt to traverse the continent from the limits of settlement in Queensland. His objective was the settlement on the Swan River, 2,500 miles west, where is now the city of Perth. With five white companions and two civilised blacks they loaded the kit and stores on to twenty pack mules, mounted a horse apiece, and drove with them fifty bullocks for their meat. They did not, as has been generally

(Continued on next page)

IN THE WA

Sights and Scenes in the Australia where a Party Re-investigate the Disappear

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED

By Michael Terry

BLACKS IN CAMP: A party of Australian aborigines outside their crude huts which, when engaged on a journey, they can set up within 10 mins. to provide protection from wind and rain. Some aver that the blacks had a hand in the death of Dr Leichhardt and his men during their trans-continental journey in 1848, interest in which has lately been revived by the discovery of remains in the Simpson Desert

(Continued from previous page)

supposed, have any drays or carts, goats or sheep.

On April 3 of that year Leichhardt wrote from Macpherson's station on the Coongan River. And that was the last word ever received from him or any of his party. They walked completely off the map and though five relief expeditions were sent out between 1851 and 1865, the sole traces of the entire expedition were four camp sites. The tracks leading into the western desert were obliterated. One concludes that rain washed them out.

Since then every sort of theory has been advanced to localise the search for Leichhardt's remains. And rumours based on reports from wandering blacks have been no less conflicting than, over the long wait, numerous.

In 1856 A. C. Gregory reported what he supposed to be the remains of a white man's camp on Elsey Creel, a tributary of the Victoria River. Several trees had been cut with iron axes; not hacked, which is the effect of the stone tomahawks used by the aborigines.

In 1869 Lord Forrest made a memorable expedition far inland to a point 200 miles north of the Australian Bight because blacks reported the remains of white men. The report was never borne out.

A RARE EXCEPTION: In describing this picture Mr. Michael Terry states that "In eighteen years spent among the wild blacks it is the only instance he has seen of the proper thatching of a wet-weather hut"

'NEATH A BURNING MID DAY SUN: Shifting sand-dunes, typical of the Central Australian desert country during a period of drought when the hardy spinifex has withered and died, robbing the dunes of their anchorage. *On left*—A luxuriant growth of spinifex clothing a sand-dune. These hillocks often reach a height of 50 ft. and they are so steep that they provide a formidable obstacle to all mechanical transport

In 1890 the Hon David Carnegie met some blacks near Family Well, about 150 miles south-west of Gregory's Inland Sea. They possessed an iron tent-peg and part of a horse saddle to which is attached the stirrup leathers. He regarded this as evidence of Leichhardt, or at least of trading of his possessions between natives.

All sorts of reports have filtered in from the bush since then, including a discovery claim by one man who produced an old Winchester rifle branded "L" on the stock. Unfortunately for him, he overlooked that Winchesters did not go into production until many years after Leichhardt disappeared. At last only four years ago, the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia traced a bronze plate inscribed LUDWIG LEICHHARDT 184[illegible]. It had been found by Charles Harding in the fork of a burnt tree near Mount Inkerman. The tree, near the border of Western Australia south of Tanami, was blazed "L" and the plate was attached to the burnt stock of a rifle.

The investigating expedition which leaves Adelaide on August 15 for the Simpson Desert, to its western border not far from Charlotte Waters, is taking Mr. Frank Fenner, an anthropologist, for at the moment there is no certainty that the skeletons are those of white

KE OF LUDWIG LEICHHARDT

Great Central Desert of has been Sent Out to ance of the 1848 Expedition

men. Should this be proven, should relics of equipment be identified with the Leichhardt expedition, then the latest theory as to his end will have to be dropped. For Gregory's camp, the rifle stock, Carnegie's tent-peg have been correlated to indicate that he perished in the desert west of the border of Western Australia. Now it seems that he may have died 600 miles south-east of there in the Simpson Desert. If so, then what a tragedy indeed.

Having almost crossed perhaps the most pitiless of all desert country in Australia, within a short ride of pastures and waters since found by settlers, he and his men paid the supreme penalty. One more day and he would likely have won across to the Swan River for, by

OVERWHELMED BY THE FLOODWATERS: A section of the line between Adelaide and Alice Springs wrecked when the normally placid Finke river suddenly came down in spate. The picture is of particular interest as it illustrates what havoc can be wrought by floods in the Australian desert, and it is possible that the ill-fated Leichhardt expedition perished through such an occurrence

AT THE WATERHOLE: While the camel caravan halts, its leaders search for water in a native well. The wells are often difficult to locate, for there is little indication of their whereabouts and they may be passed unobserved at a distance of 50 yards

personal experience, I know his difficulties, although very great, would thereafter have been far less than the ardours of getting over the Simpson Desert.

Inevitably this subject renews our interest in the great desert area of Central Australia. Again it will be asked "What can be done with it?" And again the answers will be contradictory. For there are two major and two minor schools of thought, each of whose conclusions revert finally to the future of Australia as a portion of the Empire 99·1 per cent. British, even further to the whole supposition that it can be developed satisfactorily by whites.

Outside the Dominion one wonders if it is often understood that the Commonwealth and the State Governments are frequently at cross purposes regarding migration, Canberra, being most concerned with overseas dealings, more usually in touch with world affairs, seems to appreciate better the short-comings of sparsely populated Australia than the politicians, whose first concern is the well-being of the State they inhabit.

It is rare for the Ministers of State Parliaments to visit Europe officially but we all know how frequently Federal members contact in person with Westminster. And the result is indicated by proposals to renew migration which at intervals in recent years have

(Continued on page 306)

A FINE SPECIMEN: Many of the aborigines, belonging though they may to a far from flourishing race, are well developed in proportion to their commanding height. As spearmen they are incredibly skilful, and are able to throw their flint or iron-tipped weapons with speed and accuracy

SLOW BUT SURE: The camel train, walking on an average 2¾ miles an hour, is the best and frequently the only practicable means of travel in the Simpson Desert country. Leichhardt, in his ambitious attempt to cross the unknown heart of the continent in 1848, had to use horses and mules, as it was not until 1860 that Sir Thomas Elder introduced camels in any numbers into Australia, bringing them from Afghanistan. The first camel arrived in Australia in 1840, the sole survivor of three shipped at the Cape Verde Islands. Those that followed acclimatised themselves extremely well and to-day the "Ship of the Desert" breeds there prolifically

IN A BILLET AMID SHELL-TORN HOUSES Marie Ducret lived with her young French officer and there copied out the vital, secret dispatches which she relayed with such devastating effect to her German masters

The Story of MARIE DUCRET

The Girl Spy of the Fifth Army and the Tenth French Army who Has Passed from Prison to a Convent, there to End her Days

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE has just passed from Clairvaux prison to a convent unspecified, a Frenchwoman aged forty, who did more damage in a short while as agent in the pay of the Germans than the much boosted Mata Hari contrived to encompass in over two years.

The story of Marie Ducret has special interest for us, since the period of her activity was March to April, 1918, and the setting, behind the junction of the Franco-British armies south of the Somme. She was specially trained to act her part in support of the Ludendorff offensive that pulverised our Fifth Army.

At her court-martial she related how she would visit Amiens and neighbourhood in order to note the units we were bringing up, or the paucity of them in the early stages. This was supplementary to her main job of reporting on the French. She had managed to come by a newspaper correspondent's pass to the zone of the armies which were otherwise rigorously barred to women visitors, as many a love-lorn wife discovered to her cost, and she used it successfully, thanks to a ready wit and to good appearance.

Marie Ducret differed from Mata Hari who took on the big cities: Paris, London (briefly !), Madrid, Rome, and, where possible, the bigger "bugs," beginning with a French Cabinet Minister. Marie was the complete behind-the-lines artist, established close up with the fighting troops, and if she had a stroke of luck, she also knew how to draw upon it.

She escaped the death sentence solely because she was in a position to make valuable revelations, and did so, accurately, and to the utmost she could. She got imprisonment for life, but her conduct was so unceasingly good and repentant ever since her sentence that the President the other day saw fit to order the prison gates to be opened, provided Marie Ducret switched straight over to a convent—for life.

French sentences are never reduced for good conduct, and this was a rare concession in respect of one who coldly set about betraying her country for money, who is positively known to have caused the deaths of nearly a thousand Frenchmen, but who indubitably was—less directly—responsible for the deaths of many, many more, and of Britons, also not to be computed.

It is some satisfaction to be able to tell how this girl worked, so much bunkum does one read or see screened purporting to give the "beautiful girl spy" in action. Part of my job took me, in 1917, down to the giant skeleton, General Micheler's Tenth Army Headquarters at Moreuil. I must have messed with the young lieutenant who plays such a tragic part in this story. In the summer of 1918 I was again in touch with this staff, though Micheler had been removed meanwhile, and it was then that I learnt about Marie Ducret, shortly after she had been sentenced.

Picture a girl of sixteen drawn to Paris from the provinces in the opening vortex of 1914, as so many thousands were. Some got jobs, some did not, yet carried on *quand même* in circumstances not unlike those obtaining on a smaller scale to-day in Barcelona. Meeting new men friends, either in uniform or civilians, could be almost a day-to-day affair. In Paris, life was easy enough for the attractive or very young girl. At all events, in 1917 Marie had a fixed friend, because according to her own showing this is how she replied to the initial probing of the German agent who recruited her: "You know, sir, how I am placed. You know that I have been abandoned by the man who provided for me. I am here to-day because I am without resources. I haven't worked for a long time and it would be only with the greatest difficulty that I could re-commence. It is for that reason alone I have come to you."

This speech is dated December, 1917. How, one may ask, did Marie get in touch with the enemy recruiter in the first place? That is easily answered. Light women were considerably used by the French counter-espionage, notably in the capital, which endured throughout as a whirl of "leave" from the front, where officers and others might commit indiscretions during a tender evening or reveal themselves in more serious guise. The women were mostly listeners; in the case of such ones as were instructed to "pump" their associates, this process went by the eloquent style of "pillow pumping." But the point is that the (more intelligent) women apt to be engaged for this sort of work had their cafés and little restaurants, which in due course would become known to agents working for the enemy, who would hover round, on the look-out for a likely prospect. It was in this way that Marie Ducret first came in touch with the wide net of Colonel Nicolai, head of the German secret service.

This officer built up the espionage system in northern France that was to prove of such value during the lightning advance to the Marne. Now, three and one half years later, Nicolai was ordered by Ludendorff to "do it again." Spies, specially trained, must be as liberally sown, as was consonant with safety and reliability, behind the Franco-British armies in the line from Soissons to Ypres. During the terrific offensives planned for immediately ahead, it would be of paramount importance to keep check on the movement of units, French, British and perhaps American, behind this section of the western front.

THE LAST PHASE: Marie Ducret, former spy of the Somme front, accompanied by a nun as she left Rennes en route to the convent where the French Government has lately decreed she shall end her days instead of serving out her life sentence

Nicolai delegated the task to the German military attaché at Berne, who, in conjunction with the German propagandist bureau incorporated in the local Legation, was responsible for spy organisation behind the allied front. As the result of satisfactory recruiting in Paris and elsewhere, this officer was able to open three coaching schools, at Berne, Basle and Zürich, around Christmas, 1917, and to the third of these Marie was detached. She was now twenty, attractive, healthy, and well able to take care of herself. She was to tell the court-martial that the German attaché addressed her (approximately) in this manner, when she reported in Switzerland for duty:—

"Your name is Marie Ducret, you are unmarried, French, and twenty years of age. You wish to enter our service. Particulars about you are satisfactory; nevertheless, before you decide, one or two things must be made clear. First, are you absolutely free? This is essential. We can take on only persons entirely free of all connections because we require a blind and complete obedience. We have no place for such as must keep looking over their shoulder, who have to consider other people or affairs."

The girl having replied satisfactorily, the address proceeded:—

"Next I must warn you of the risks you run. If you are taken it will mean inevitable death. You must depend solely on yourself. We can do nothing, nor would we even try. From this moment we do not know you, and none of your relations or friends will be entitled to the remotest consideration. There is another matter graver still. The slightest disobedience, the faintest suggestion of your betraying our confidence, and you are a marked woman. You will never be able to escape us, to feel in security. You will be executed. On the other hand, none know how to reward more handsomely than we do. Work well, and you will discover that. I am sure you will do so, because you have spirit and intelligence. But you will have to be carefully trained for five weeks. You will be paid at the rate of £20 a month during this period; later we shall make a different arrangement.

During January and the first half of February, 1918, Marie was accordingly crammed in the organisation, numerals, regiments, badges, divisional and other signs, artillery, tanks, aircraft of the Allies, so that she might observe correctly. She also became a blonde. Was initiated into the employment of "secret" inks. And, very specially, had to go through a gruelling course of memory training. That was the hardest.

Towards the end of February Marie Ducret, fitted out anew and in furs, took the express for Paris; if the French frontier officials at Pontarlier had only known who they were letting pass! But Marie was a French girl, quite in order. She had been raised to £40 a month, with the chance of bonuses dangling, for exceptional results. So it may have been eagerly that she reported to Paris H.Q., at Passy, of the German secret service, run by a man camouflaged as a Swiss, and who instructed her how she was to maintain liaison.

Some days later word came allotting Marie to the Somme sector, where she was to watch the French troops; and on March 1 she alighted from the train at Montdidier, when she at once reported to the police and got her newspaper correspondent's *laissez-passer* stamped. (I forget whether this pass was shown to be a forgery or if the attractive Marie extracted it in time-honoured fashion.)

The pass enabled the newcomer to move around with some liberty: correspondents in the French zones were not, provided they were French, subjected to the same grandmotherly control as farther north. Marie took due advantage of her comparative freedom, and if she asked questions here and there of *poilus* or their officers—was not she after all a journalist, out to collect information? It was up to others not to tell her things they should not! But all the time Marie was on the look-out for one thing: she wanted to cotton on to a susceptible young officer, not of the fighting line, but cognisant of troop movements and general activity behind the lines. She wanted to become the *protégée* of such a young man.

Which was where fortune smiled, beamed upon Marie Ducret almost to an incredible degree.

Barely a week after her arrival in the area, she made good with a young subaltern on the staff of the Tenth Army, in a casual roadside meeting—he was riding, she in a hired car that was having trouble.

Girls, of any kind, were exceedingly rare in such proximity to the line, in this area, and at this stage. Lieutenant S—— did not permit the grass to grow under his feet. This was a find indeed. An independent, chic girl, fully vouched for by her credentials, and desiring to stay around precisely in the Moreuil neighbourhood! Obviously, as the smitten S—— could not be constantly heading for towns in order to enjoy his inamorata's society, the thing to do was to establish Marie *en cachette* somewhere in the vicinity of Moreuil. Any number of abandoned houses, cottages and villas. . .

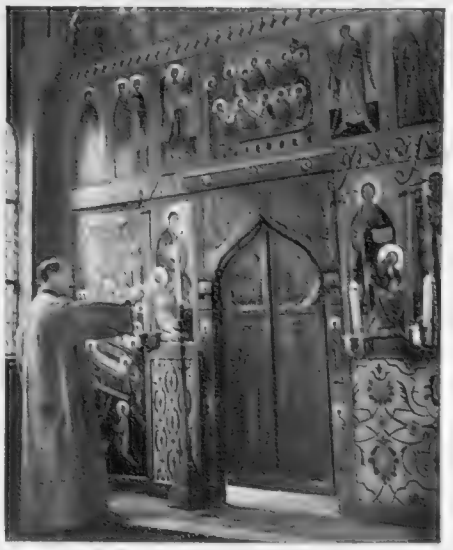
(Continued on page 312)

EXILED RUSSIANS CREATE A STRONGHOLD OF THEIR FAITH IN PARIS

The Theological Academy in the Rue de Crimee where Men are Trained for the Depleted Orthodox Priesthood

PRIESTS AT MIDNIGHT MASS in the little Russian church in the rue de Crimee, Paris, where Russian exiles go to worship in the faith of their ancestors. The place is also a theological academy, which has been established to train men for the priesthood, thus ensuring that in years to come the Russian Orthodox religion—so crushed by the Soviet—will not die out

SINCE the coming of the Red regime two decades ago, the Russian Orthodox Church has ceased to exist as an organisation in Soviet territory, even though a few churches remain open for public worship and a percentage of the population still avows its faith. In Paris, however, where Tsarist exiles live in their thousands, Russian Orthodoxy is wholly alive, and at the little church on the rue de Crimee, where the accompanying pictures were taken, there is a theological college which is training young men for the priesthood so that the coming generation will not have to seek elsewhere for its religion. The church was built in 1864 by German Protestants and when, in 1918, it was confiscated under the Treaty of Versailles, the Russian exiles combined together and purchased it for 400,000 francs. Since then the place has gone from strength to strength and has been enriched by many gifts



On left—OPEN-AIR MASS being celebrated by the Metropolitan Eulogius in the garden of the Russian church. *Right*—These 16th-century doors have been given to the church by Grand Duchess Maria Palovna

FILMING "THE MIKADO": How The First Screen Version of a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera is Being Made at the Pinewood Studios

THE MIKADO'S MINSTREL SON AND HIS BELOVED YUM-YUM: Kenny Baker and Jean Colin rehearsing an episode before the start of a day's shooting at the Pinewood Studios, near London, where G. and S. Films are now engaged in making the film version of *The Mikado*—the first Savoy Opera that has ever been screened. The film is to be in technicolour throughout, and it will be notable among many things for its really magnificent costumes

AN ENCHANTING YUM-YUM: Jean Colin, who is a newcomer to Gilbert and Sullivan roles, is already proving a first-rate choice as the heroine

FOR half a century the united genius of Gilbert and Sullivan has delighted playgoers, and their operas, written in the full flush of the Victorian era, have paled not a wit in the light of modern criticism. Rather, indeed, have they found a wider favour with the passing years and the gradual establishment of a tradition.

From now on, however, an even greater audience is to be introduced to these operas, for at long last those immediately concerned have consented to the making of a film and, accordingly, work is going ahead at Pinewood Studios, near London, on the screen version of *The Mikado*, some early shots from which are illustrated herewith.

It is too soon, of course, to pass any sort of judgment, but it is reassuring to find that the problem of translating a masterpiece of the lyric stage into

THE COURTYARD *of* KO-KO's PALACE

"THE HEIR APPARENT IS NOT SLAIN" says Nanki-Poo (Kenny Baker) as he comes before his father, the Emperor (John Barclay). Another picture showing the elaborate nature of the settings devised for *The Mikado*, upon which G. and S. Films are spending £100,000. In charge of production is Geoffrey Toye, former managing director of Covent Garden; a fact ensuring that no liberties are being taken with the script

This magnificent setting, providing the background for much of the film, evidences the elaborate fashion in which the screen version of *The Mikado* is being prepared and, needless to say, Savoy opera fans are awaiting the finished product with eager anticipation

PROVIDING THE ORIENTAL TOUCH: Ernest Westmore, a Hollywood make-up expert, engaged in preparing Sydney Granville to go before the cameras

terms of the cinema is being met with a full sense of responsibility, as witness the fact that Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who conducted two London seasons of the Savoy operas, is in charge of production—a sure guarantee that no liberties will be taken with the original version. Victor Schertzinger is directing.

Altogether about £100,000 is being spent on the film and with any luck it should be seen in the West End before the year is out. The costumes being worn by the cast are a great feature. The many different colours and designs of the courtiers' attire, the butterfly daintiness of the "Three Little Maids from School" kimonos, the quaint fantasy of the Imperial Guard, and the variety of clothes worn by the Titiputians will not be lost on audiences, for the film is in colour, and the colour process has of late been much improved.

SAN GIMIGNANO DOES HONOUR TO ITS GIRL SAINT

A Tuscan Hill-town Celebrates the Seventh Centenary of the Birth of the Miracle-working Santa Fina

VISITING San Gimignano of the beautiful towers is like stepping back into the thirteenth century, so perfect an example is it of a medieval Tuscan hill-town, so dramatic a setting does it supply for the life of its inhabitants to-day. Lonely upon its hill in southern Tuscany, compact in the grouping of its ancient towers and grave and lovely buildings, rising from the slopes of corn, vines, and silvery olives, it resembles some little pictured city in an old missal, inviolate, gracious, and austere.

San Gimignano, so limited in area, is yet august. It is a place of noble churches and palaces, of beautiful courtyards, loggias, flights of steps; of stone towers springing sheer from the ground, four-square, a perpetual *sursum corda*, lifting the heart. Around its piazza stand houses of mellow stone and brick, with arched doors and windows and richly decorative details; its narrow paved streets wander down on all sides to its old gates. Nothing strikes a modern note save the autobuses which now roll daily in and out, connecting it with neighbouring towns, and the rows of cars parked in the Piazza, witnessing to its attraction for tourists of every land.

So small is it that a few minutes suffice to traverse it on foot from gate to gate, but it is stately, noble, venerable, impressive. Arresting, almost breath-taking, at first sight, the wonder of it grows with closer knowledge: familiarity endears; its every aspect, summer or winter, by day or night, arouses fresh delight.

Approach it in the spring-time, and you come to its old arched gateway through serried ranks of purple iris; go to it at mid-day, and the strong sunlight cuts heavy shadows in the sombre archways and narrow paved streets from which the towers rear themselves into golden light, the deep blue sky; visit it by night in early June, and it is ringed around with glittering hosts of fire-flies flitting in myriads among the olives, above the corn: climb to the ruined *Rocca* behind the *Collegiata*, through an old walled garden, and, from a bastion terrace, see the close-grouped thirteen surviving towers near by, and, far-flung on every side, the Tuscan hills and valleys set with small ancient towns.

San Gimignano is very old. According to its historian, Luigi Pecori, a fortified castle and town had already arisen here by the beginning of the eighth century called Castello di San Gimignano, or, from the dense surrounding woods, Castello della Selva. Subject, in the tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries to the Bishops of Volterra, it finally escaped from this dominion, attaining, by 1200, self-government as an individual commune.

Small as is San Gimignano, its civil, religious and art history is yet vital and significant, starred with great names.

Riding up its hill one May morning in 1300 came Dante Alighieri with his company, envoy from the Allied Cities of the Guelf League. A poet, Folgore, contemporary of Dante, was born there, his poems still living on the people's lips. There Savonarola preached in 1483 and 1485. There the scholar Filippo Buonaccorsi was born in 1437 of a noble family, journeying later to Poland, where King Casimir IV and his successor employed him on various foreign missions in which he exerted himself to further the interests of Poland in Europe, leaving, on his death at Cracow, many Latin works dealing with Poland and Hungary.

Architects built nobly and enduringly in San Gimignano, and artists found employment, enriching it with treasures of painting and sculpture, majolica, missals and psalters, and rich vestments and vessels for its churches.

SHE OFFERED UP HER SUFFERINGS IN EXPIATION FOR SINS BEYOND HER UNDERSTANDING": Pietro Torrigiano's bust of Santa Fina, the girl patron saint of the little Tuscan town of San Gimignano, which has been celebrating in the early part of August the seventh centenary of her birth

But, even beyond scholars, artists and poets, does San Gimignano cherish the memory of its girl-saint, Santa Fina, who, in the clamorous thirteenth century, bloomed like a flower in the little medieval town.

Born in 1238, twelve years after St. Francis died in Assisi, twenty-seven years before a child named Dante Alighieri opened his eyes down in Florence, Fina de' Ciardi was the child of a poor but noble family of San Gimignano, and, until ten years old, grew, bright as a bird, in her father's house, beloved of all who had the fortune to know her.

Attacked in 1248 by one of the dire diseases of the Middle Ages, she offered up her sufferings in expiation for sins beyond her understanding, and, refusing even the comfort of a bed, lay for five years on a hard oak plank, her mind set on spiritual things.

(*Continued on page 312*)

BEARER OF GLAD TIDINGS: St. Gregory appearing to Santa Fina in a vision, promising that "on his feast day, March 12, 1253, she should join him in Paradise," thus bringing to an end her five years of suffering, during which she refused the comfort of a bed and lay on a hard oak plank, "her mind set on spiritual things." The fresco was painted by Domenico Ghirlandajo and adorns the Santa Fina chapel at San Gimignano

On right—THE MIRACLES OF SANTA FINA: As she lay in honoured state after her death, legend relates that those who touched the body were at once healed of their ills. Thus this golden-haired girl came to be the patron saint of her city, and for seven centuries her name has glorified its annals. This fresco is also the work of Domenico Ghirlandajo and also adorns the Santa Fina chapel at San Gimignano

FORMOSA—A VITAL JAPANESE BASE

The Island's Remote Interior and its Erstwhile Head-hunters

NATIVE VILLAGE OF THE HINTERLAND: In these thatched huts, set amid the forest-clad mountains of east-central Formosa, dwell descendants of the original Malayan-type inhabitants of the island, men who not so long ago were head-hunters and who have now been brought under strict control by their Japanese overlords. Formosa was ceded to Japan by China in 1895, and at the moment is much in the news as the air base from which most of the Japanese attacks on Canton are launched

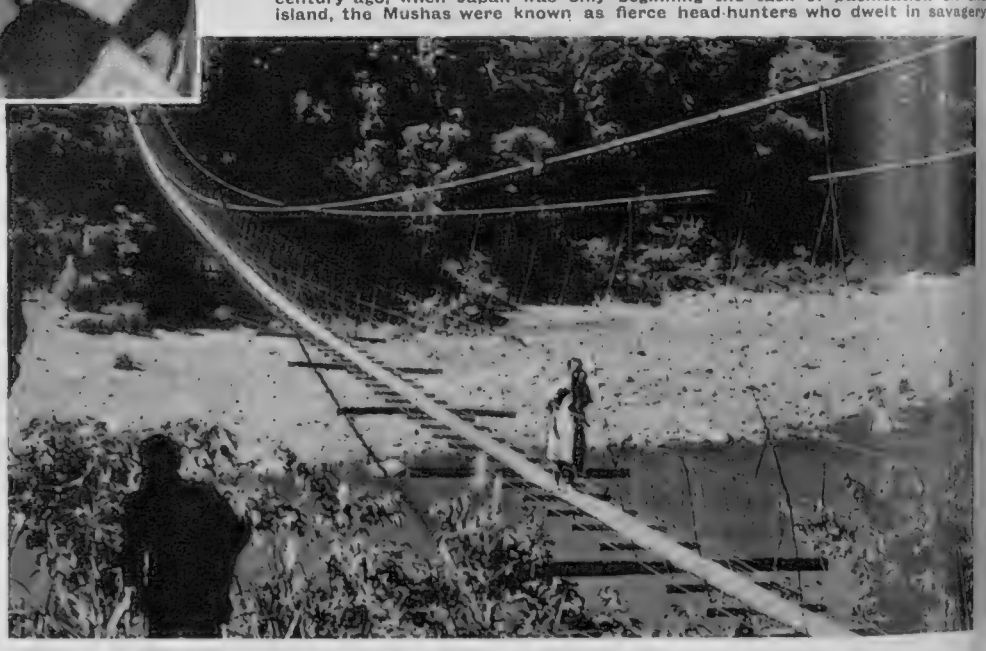
ARMED ONLY WITH BOWS AND ARROWS, these primitive hunters of the Formosan hinterland go in pursuit of deer, chamois, and bear which abound in the mountain fastnesses and from which they derive a large measure of their livelihood. *On right*—Japanese police pictured on patrol in a thickly wooded region of the interior where their task is to control the natives whose head-hunting activities have only lately been quelled

AMONG THE ONE-TIME HE

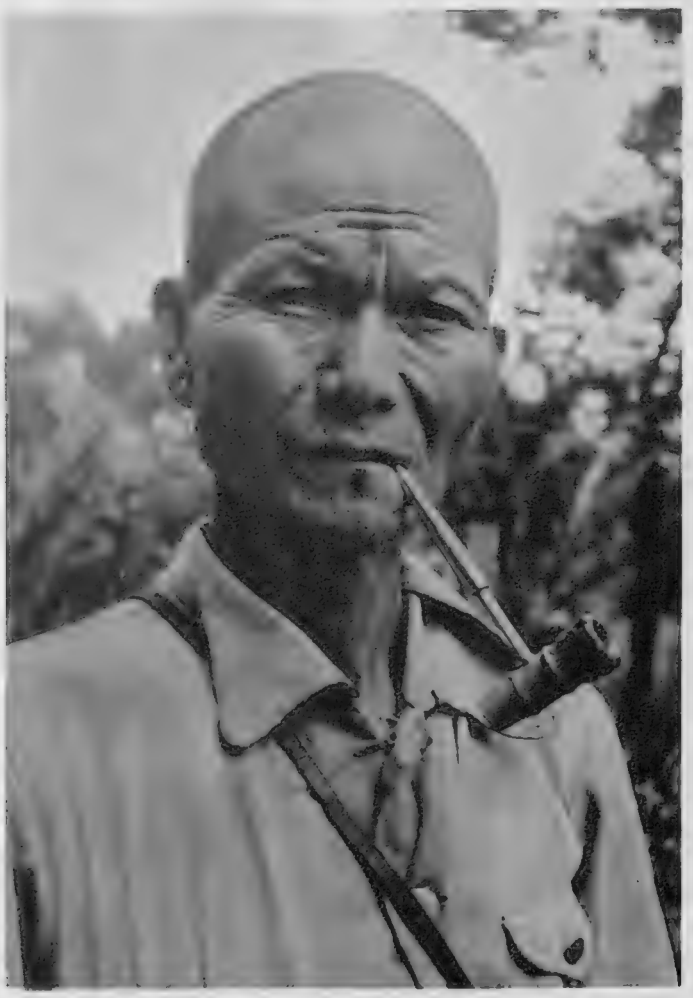
A Camera Record of an American Explorer's Visit to the Remote and

COMING INTO LINE: A peaceful domestic scene outside one of the thatched huts of the Musha tribe of Malayan aborigines in central Formosa. A quarter of a century ago, when Japan was only beginning the task of pacification on the island, the Mushas were known as fierce head-hunters who dwelt in savagery

THOUGH NEARING THE CENTURY MARK, this aboriginal Formosan woman, wrinkled and emaciated with age, is still able to carry heavy loads in her wicker-work basket. A picture taken by Harrison Forman, noted American traveller, during his visit to the interior of the island where he mingled with the former head-hunting tribes



OPENING UP THE HINTERLAND: Everywhere in central Formosa the Japanese have constructed these steel and bamboo suspension bridges. They are safe enough, though they sway alarmingly when crossed



STANDARD WEAR: The Japanese authorities have compelled all the tribesmen to wear semi-military tunics of this type. This man was once a head-hunter, a fact proclaimed by the tattoo marks on forehead and chin. They were placed there when he obtained his first scalp

OF all Japan's possessions, Formosa is to her one of the most valuable at the present time, as this island, approximately half the size of Ireland, lies conveniently close to the China coast and affords an advantageous jumping-off ground for her bombers engaged in their ceaseless raids on southern cities of the mainland.

Since she acquired Formosa from China in 1895, however, Japan has found its government a weighty task, the head-hunting aborigines of the interior—a people of Malayan stock—proving a constant source of danger to her colonists and to the large and peaceful Chinese agricultural population. For years Japan has laboured to bring the

On left—REMINDER OF A GRAVE BACKSLIDING: The Japanese have erected this monument to 158 men, women, and children who were massacred in October, 1930, when supposedly tamed ex-head-hunters of the Musha tribe suddenly got out of control. There has been no repetition of this on a like scale since then

EAD-HUNTERS OF FORMOSA

nd Little Known Interior of this Japanese-Controlled Isle off China's Coast

In their mountain fastnesses and from time to time descended to the low alluvial plains on head-hunting expeditions among the Chinese and Japanese farmers. To-day Japan has these people under control and has even persuaded the women-folk to adopt the kimono. They are being energetically encouraged in the arts and crafts

JAPAN HAS FOUND A NEW MARKET for her cotton goods by decreeing that Formosan women and children shall wear the kimono. Not so many years ago the aborigines went about with little or no clothing, and it has been no easy task to bring them into line

THE GLORIES OF JAPAN are constantly recounted to the ex-head-hunters who forgather in the villages for lectures by the district police chiefs. The men all wear a semi-military uniform

aborigines into line, and to-day she may fairly claim that these people, who dwell amid the backwoods and the mountain fastnesses, no longer constitute a menace, though, as a precaution, strict surveillance is kept upon them.

Comparatively few white men have ever visited these ex-head-hunters and the accompanying pictures, taken by Harrison Forman, the American explorer, are therefore of considerable interest. Mr. Forman, who has travelled widely in Tibet and other parts of Asia, flew to Formosa from Japan and, after some adroitness with the authorities, obtained permission to visit the interior with his camera.

On right—THE FORMOSAN ABORIGINES ARE INVETERATE SMOKERS, and their locally-grown tobacco is reckoned of fairly good quality even by western standards. This woman, with her bamboo-joint pipe, bears a "pussy-cat tattoo moustache" in order to denote she is married

GARGANTUAN DRUMSTICKS: Women of the Dragon Lake region, central Formosa, with the wooden pestles which they use both for pounding grain and for making music. When tapped lightly upon a large, flat stone they give out melodious hollow sounds

The DUKE and DUCHESS of GLOUCESTER'S COUNTRY HOME

Barnwell Castle, Its Magnificent Grounds and Historic Associations—A Northamptonshire Estate of 2,700 Acres

A STATELY DEMESNE: The lily pool amid the lawns of Barnwell Castle, near Oundle, the property which has just been acquired by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and where they will take up residence on return from their holiday in Kenya. The estate covers 2,700 acres in the Fitzwilliam country and is also handy for meets of the Woodland Pytchley. *Below*—The old fortress in the grounds of Barnwell. It was built by Berengarius le Moigne at the time of Henry III

A PICTURESQUE RELIC OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: A close up of the fortress built by Berengarius le Moigne at the time of Henry III. Nearby is the Tudor house in which the Duke and Duchess will live and which is to be thoroughly modernised and redecorated during Their Royal Highnesses' holiday in Kenya

THE FORMAL GARDEN, with its clipped yew hedges, is a charming feature of the grounds at Barnwell. *On right*—A four-poster in one of the guest rooms in the house. The place was built by Sir Edward Montague in Tudor times, and in 1845 devolved to the Buccleuch family, thus having a very special interest for its new chatelaine, who is a sister of the present Duke of Buccleuch. The last owner of Barnwell was the late Major Colin Campbell

From photographs taken by Professor Kenneth Mason on a previous expedition

"A PICTURE OF UTTER INACCESSIBILITY": A distant impression of K.2, the 28,000-ft. peak of the Karakoram range on which an expedition has been making an assault and, as a culmination of this season's work, reached the summit-cone of the north-east ridge at a height of 26,000 ft. Before this American effort, only two mountaineering parties had even established contact with K.2

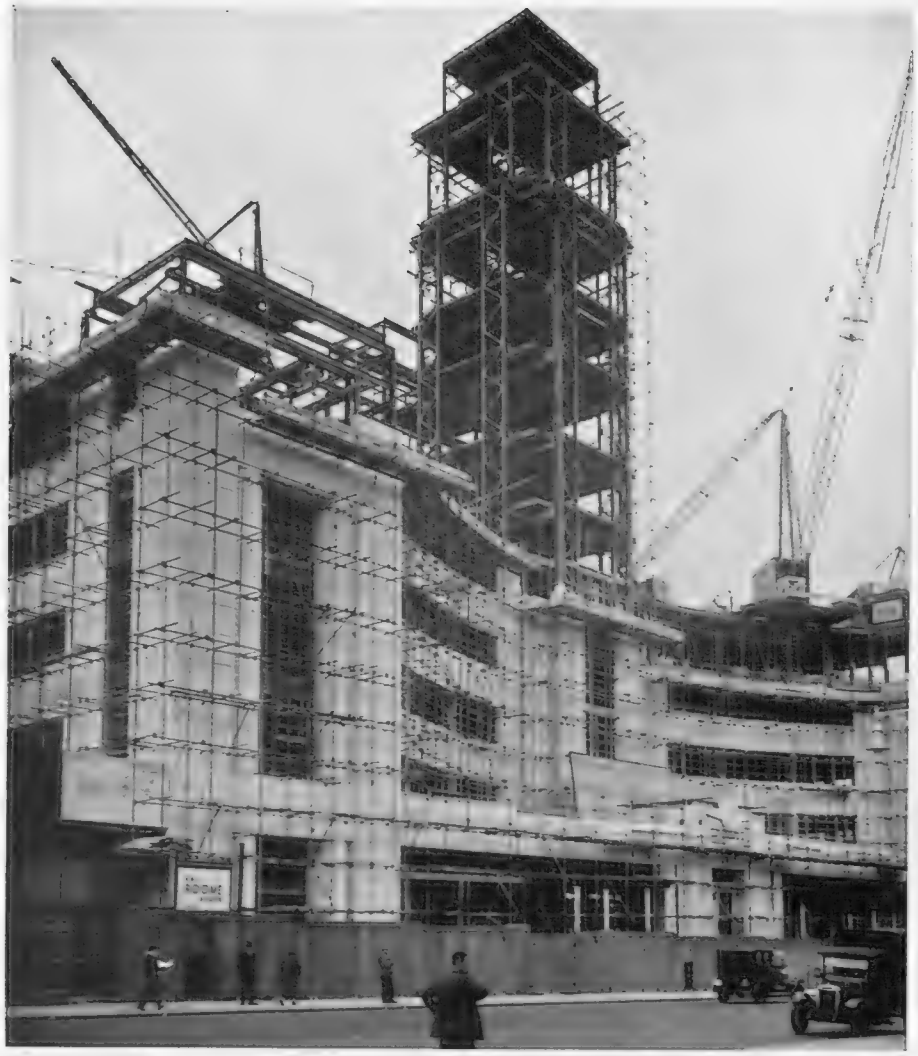
CLIMBING K.2

An American Expedition's Notable Feat

"THE news that the American Karakoram expedition recently 'reached the summit-cone of the north-east ridge' of K.2 presumably means," writes C. F. Meade, the well-known writer on mountaineering subjects, "that they succeeded in climbing to the foot of the final citadel of precipitous ice which constitutes the supreme peak. To reach a height of 26,000 ft. on such a mountain as K.2 is a magnificent feat of mountaineering. Such a performance may even compare in importance with the most successful stages in the prolonged siege of Mount Everest. While in the case of Everest—apart from some strenuous climbing between 21,000 and 23,000 ft.—the most formidable difficulties only begin above a height of 27,000 ft., on K.2 they begin several thousand feet lower. In fact, the going on K.2 is more like that on Kangchenjunga, for both these great mountains, the second and third highest in the world, provide many thousand feet of difficult climbing. To the mountaineer the spectacle of K.2 is profoundly discouraging, for it is a picture of utter inaccessibility"

K.2 FROM THE KYAGAR GLACIER: A more general view of the pinnacles constituting this monarch of the Karakoram range, against which an American party has been pitting its strength with marked success

LONDON'S EVER-



IMPERIAL AIRWAYS BUILD A LONDON G.H.Q.: The company's new terminal station and offices, topped by what will be a most imposing tower, pictured in course of construction in Buckingham Palace Road, where the building occupies a site backing on the railway and almost facing the Victoria Coach Station. This part of London is becoming a great "clearing house" for road, rail, and air passengers

ALMOST every week witnesses yet another change in the architectural features of London; and 1938 seems to have surpassed previous years in the ruthless destruction of lovely old Georgian dwelling-houses.

The most recent attacks on eighteenth-century gems include the Adelphi, which in its present condition looks a questionable substitute for the sedate repose of the works of the Adam brothers.

Historically the interest of the site goes back beyond the erection of the Adam buildings. It was originally occupied by Durham House, the town residence of the Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward I. Later it passed to Queen Elizabeth through her godfather.

When the plans for the Adelphi buildings were first put forward by the four brothers Adam in 1768, some difficulty arose regarding the long-established rights to the landing stages and coalyards which were then in use upon the site. The difficulty was eventually overcome by the architects erecting a series of arches over the yards and building their group of houses on top of the platform which covered them. These famous arches have now disappeared.

Work eventually started in 1773 and the houses became the last word in modern conveniences with water laid on, a new and enviable addition to any house.

The Adelphi, with its delightful ironwork, gay little balconies, moulded pilasters, fan-light doorways, and well proportioned sash windows, had for many years been considered an outstanding example of the best Adam work.

Among other interesting discoveries during demolition, a balcony of solid bronze work has come to light. This projected from one of the buildings on the easternmost part of the estate at the river end of Adam Street. This part of the estate was largely untouched and revealed much has been completely hidden beneath a coating of London dirt.

When the original courtyard of the Admiralty Office was sacrificed in 1759 with the widening of Whitehall—to make room for the more pressing needs of traffic—Robert Adam, then a young man of thirty-two, designed the new screen wall. Horace Walpole, in his book,

STRIPPING THE HOUSES IN ADAM STREET, ADELPHI, is now in full swing, and soon these fine Adam buildings will be no more. During the work it has been revealed that the balcony, running round No. 2, is made in solid bronze

A THREATENED SITE: This block of buildings on the east side of Fitzroy Square, representing a fine example of the work of Robert and James Adam, may lose much of its architectural unity if the Metropolitan Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital goes ahead with plans for adding three attic storeys

A WELCOME MOVE: The Treasury Passage, running from St. James's Park into Downing Street, has recently received the energetic attention of the Office of Works, which has carried out a general tidying up, re-painted railings, re-laid paths, and clipped back the trees. Indeed, a once rather sordid site has been turned into a really pleasant place in which to stroll

good Adam work to the passer-by. Another threat to an Adam building is the proposed extension of the Metropolitan Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital in Fitzroy Square adjoining Regent's Park.

If present plans are carried out, the imposing proportions of a dignified structure designed by Robert and James Adam will, it is feared, become seriously unbalanced by the addition of three more attic floors.

Fitzroy Square was originally planned and designed in 1790, but only the south and east sides were completed; the rest of the square is of a considerably later date. Its name was a tribute to the memory of Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, a grandson of Charles II and Barbara Villiers. The Manor of Tottenham Court passed to him from his mother, Isabella Bennet, daughter of the Earl of Arlington.

From among this onslaught upon the works of Adam, it is rather a relief to re-discover in Whitehall a screen-front by Robert Adam which for many years

THE NEW CHURCH HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER is already sufficiently far advanced to show that it will harmonise well with the older surrounding buildings. During recent excavation work, several interesting finds have been made there

CHANGING FACE: *A Pictorial Record of Recent Developments in the Metropolis*

London and Its Environs Described, published in 1761, wrote that "The Admiralty is a most ugly edifice and deservedly veiled by Mr. Adam's handsome screen."

For some obscure reason the stonework had not been cleaned since 1760. Now the Office of Works has with praiseworthy daring experimented successfully in removing the ingrained grime of 178 years, once more disclosing the original carvings in an undamaged condition.

The eastern corner of Curzon Street, once known as Bolton Row and built in 1775, is also to fall beneath the house-breaker's pick, in the name of "improvements." For here a road into Berkeley Square is being built to relieve the pressure of Piccadilly traffic.

A little row of houses of undoubted charm and personality are to be demolished in order to ease the flow of London's stream of road vehicles.

Curzon Street was originally built by George Augustus Curzon, third Viscount Howe, and being in the heart of Mayfair was a very fashionable and select district. Among other well-known personalities who had their homes there was the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester. The doomed houses are panelled with old green painted woodwork and abound in heavy carved doorways, solid oak staircases and marble fireplaces typical of the period in which they were built.

ANCIENT, CARVED STONEWORK HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO LIGHT on the site of the new Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, and much of it is being incorporated in the building

NO LONGER A CUL DE SAC: The four-in-hand, which runs daily from the Dorchester to Hampton Court, driving into Curzon Street from Park Lane. It is only this year that the two thoroughfares have been directly linked, as a small block of buildings formerly stood between them

The new Church House, Westminster, now rearing its steel skeleton above the low-lying monastic buildings in the vicinity, promises to be a very imposing structure. The completed gateway section has already been grafted skilfully on to its ancient neighbour. Situated as it is on the south side of Dean's Yard, it occupies one of the oldest sites in London. Here the Tyburn, which turned the Abbey mill, ran slant-wise across the south-east corner of the site to what is now called Millbank. The old monastic granary stood on the southern side of the stream, and the foundations of this have again come to light during the course of clearance necessary for the new building. Parts of walls 4 ft. 6 ins. thick and the bases of columns which

(*Continued on page* 312)

RENOVATING PARLIAMENT: *On right*—The Victoria Tower concealed beneath a maze of steel scaffolding in order to allow access to the decayed stonework. *Below*—The patchwork effect created by the working of newstone into the body of the House of Lords

MORE CHANGES IN CURZON STREET: These late-eighteenth-century buildings at the eastern end of the thoroughfare are shortly to come down to allow of a road being driven through to Berkeley Square, which at the moment can only be reached by pedestrians using the steps seen in the middle distance. Among tenants having to vacate their premises is a well-known publishing concern

THE ARRIVAL IN THE FOREST: Celia (Sylvia Marriott), Rosalind (Gladys Cooper), and Touchstone (Billy Leonard) in the Open Air Theatre production of *As You Like It*, which is reviewed this week by Philip Page and is illustrated here in a series of pictures specially taken for "The Sphere." This is the moment when Rosalind says: *"O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits! I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena!"*

DRAMA

Gladys Cooper Makes a Fine Rosalind in the Open Air Theatre Production of "As You Like It"

By PHILIP PAGE

MY more recent Rosalinds include Miss Edith Evans (in a theatre), Miss Elisabeth Bergner (in a film) and Miss Gladys Cooper (in Regent's Park). Comparisons being odious but not yet criminal, let me say at once that Miss Cooper pleased me the most, and why. Her Rosalind was not perfect at the first performance of the revival at the Open Air Theatre, but seemed likely to become so when the word-perfect stage was reached, as, no doubt, it has been by now. But she is primarily a Rosalind with a healthy sense of fun as well as of romance, a very English English girl with red blood in her veins, who can wear her boy's clothes with the boyish yet graceful abandon she showed as Peter Pan quite a number of years ago.

In this part of her performance she seemed an Elizabethan parallel to those tens of thousands of young women who in this holiday month are hiking and biking over the country-side in shorts.

Now Miss Edith Evans, brilliant actress though she is, never for a moment suggested this important aspect of Rosalind. Here was a highly artificial performance in the eighteenth-century style, essentially "indoors" in spirit and style. There was more of Elizabeth Arden than Forest of Arden about it. It was commended at the time, I recall, as having a sophisticated touch. But were Shakespeare's heroines sophisticated?

Miss Bergner—all language obstacles set aside (and Shakespeare in Bergnerese is certainly an obstacle)—displayed wistful appeal and whimsically elfin charm, which may or may not suit the film public but certainly does not suit Rosalind, who had not a spot of either quality. I do not think that in this case it suited even the film public, although the success of Miss Norma Shearer as Juliet would seem to indicate that they may prefer things to be as wrong, as well as as expensive, as possible.

Moreover, Miss Cooper's voice is gloriously distinct and the acoustics (or whatever they should be called, with all those loud-speakers and things) suit it admirably. When you get a brace of Alexandrines hurled at you unexpectedly from the bark of a tree or from a bit of turf they are always welcome if Miss Cooper has spoken them. And, of course, man or girl, she looked so nobly beautiful that I do not know why Mr. Geoffrey Edwards, whose Orlando had its points, should have been so depressed even when that love affair ceased to gang agley. Miss Thea Holme's Phebe was delightfully unforced, a contrast to a far too jumpy Celia.

Mr. Philip Merivale's Jaques is the best of his Shakespearean achievements this summer, and all have been good. Mr. Billy Leonard, like so many excellent non-Shakespearean comedians just now, is having his first shot at the Bard. His Touchstone is an uncommonly good shot, too. Mr. Leonard has frequently amused me more with less exalted jobs than Touchstone and will long continue to do so (touch wood). That is not Mr. Leonard's fault, but Mr. Shakespeare's. I would let Touchstone tie with Old Gobbo as a mirth-provoker.

ROSALIND'S REPROOF

Rosalind (Gladys Cooper) lectures Phebe (Thea Holme) on her heartlessness while Celia (Sylvia Marriott) looks on. Another scene in *As You Like It*

"But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well."

"Give Me Yesterday."—Tradition demands that elderly stage musicians should, like Smee, be lovable, with Svengali as the only exception. From Hans Sachs in *Meistersinger* to Auguste Van Biene in *The Broken Melody* they must have tender hearts, noble natures, and the gift of the gab. The late Sir Herbert Tree appeared as Svengali (not lovable) and as Beethoven (lovable). Mr. Keneth Kent not long ago played the part of Beethoven in a different play and he is now playing a fictitious musician, Nicolai Szapary, in an entertaining, unpretentious, and frankly sentimental play at the Comedy Theatre, *Give Me Yesterday*. Give me a play like this any day, with all its imperfections, rather than Tchehov-and-soda.

Mr. Kent first shows us Szapary nineteen years ago giving music lessons in London and also some amusing, if wholly unconscious, imitations of Mr. Mark Hambourg. Enthusiastic, a lover of the classics, peppery, kind-hearted, a judge of a glass of wine, and adored by his household, he has a favourite pupil (Mr. Eric Portman) who wins a scholarship and the love of his pretty daughter. But the pupil chooses, when he goes abroad to study, other female companions and forgets the pretty daughter, who does not forget him, which in any case would be difficult, for she has a baby by him.

Nineteen years later the baby, now a promising young composer who cheerfully alludes to himself as an "illegit," has a long talk with his unrecognised father, and though the situation has been in constant use since the first theatre was built, the scene is well written and acted, and is the best in the piece.

The pretty daughter does not marry her long-lost lover, but a faithful dog Fido in the person of a chemist, who had adored her all the time. Miss Mary Glynne plays the daughter with rare skill and charm, and succeeded in looking even younger and lovelier in the 1938 scenes, when Mr. Kent had grown incredibly white and shaggy and querulous, than she did in the 1919 first act. Whatever the scene, I found it difficult to believe that the adult Miss Hazel Terry, the Malvern Festival Glamour Girl, is her daughter.

Mr. Owen Nares has produced this most pleasant comedy immaculately.

"Last Train South."—The desire on the part of so many dramatists to be scrupulously fair is to be applauded from the ethical point of view. It is damned good form and shows that they are playing with a straight bat, what? But there is a snag. For it frequently happens that a play that is fair to all concerned and to every political creed is, as drama, only fair to moderate.

I touched last week upon this quality in Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Geneva*, though that is not drama at all nor do I for one moment imagine that it was ever intended to be. Mr. R. C. Hutchinson's *Last Train South*, on the other hand, at the St. Martin's, obviously sets out to be a play of action, even if there is more noisy bustle on the stage, concerned with innumerable minor incidents, than arresting dramatic development. The period is 1919—like the play produced at the Comedy the night before—and the place is a railway station in

"STAY, JAQUES, STAY" appeals the Duke (Tristan Rawson), but Jaques (Philip Merivale), the melancholy lord, refuses to be persuaded from his intention. The closing moment in *As You Like It*

THE MARRIAGE IN THE FOREST

Rosalind (To Duke). *To you I give myself, for I am yours.*
(To Orlando). *To you I give myself, for I am yours.*

Duke. *If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.*

Orlando. *If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.*

Phebe. *If sight and shape be true,*
Why then, my love, adieu!

Rosalind. *I'll have no father, if you be not he:*
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

TOUCHSTONE MAKES SPORT OF WILLIAM

Touchstone (Billy Leonard): *Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?* William (Valentine Rooke): *Five and twenty, sir.* Touch.: *A ripe age. Is thy name William?* Will.: *William, sir.* Touch.: *A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?* Will.: *Ay, sir, I thank God.* Touch.: *"Thank God"; a good answer. Art rich?* Will.: *Faith, sir, so so*

Russia. Trains come in and out, puffing and letting off steam; Bolsheviks and White Russians also come in and out, puffing and letting off steam. But Mr. Hutchinson, though his play has many good qualities and is never tedious, holds the scales so evenly between the Reds and the Whites that an air of judicial calm pervades nearly the whole of it. And calm, judicial or otherwise, is hardly an asset in what is, I supposed, meant for a "thriller."

If only the author had chosen to show a little more hatred, malice, and uncharitableness he would probably have provided a more exciting evening. His Bolshies snarl only because they have a private grievance against a certain White general whom they get into their clutches, which is, drama or no drama, not at all the true attitude of Bolshies, who snarl for the sake of snarling. The White general and his family are shown to be decent, kindly folk. The general himself had not, it seems, been responsible for ordering the station-master's son-in-law to be flogged when he was wounded, with the result that he went off his head and his wife had a miscarriage. The poor Bolshevik son-in-law eventually saved the lives of the Whites by following the Christian precept of being kind to one's enemies and returning good for evil. That a Bolshevik should do this is conclusive proof of madness.

All this happens in the railway station waiting-room, with a telephone on one wall and a picture of the murdered Tsar on the other. Both sides are allowed to use that telephone, which suggests a strange neutrality on the part of exchange operators in a country in the throes of revolution. The Tsar's picture has both sides busy, and is turned round at convenient and appropriate intervals to reveal a photograph of Lenin pasted on the back. Yet *Last Train South*, except for the rather muddled idealism of the third act, which need not make anyone risk missing the last train home, is a play which should be seen.

Miss Flora Robson had less of a part than she has had for a long time past as the sullen and grief-stricken wife of the imbecile ex-soldier, but made the best of her one opportunity. Mr. Peter Murray Hill had little to do but to rave incoherently as her husband; one coherent speech from him would have helped matters along considerably. Miss Greta Gynt—clever girl this—was attractively indignant as the general's daughter; Mr. C. M. Hallard, as the

(*Continued on page* 306)

TOUCHSTONE QUESTIONS AUDREY, THE COUNTRY WENCH

Touchstone (Billy Leonard): *Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.* Audrey (Ellen Pollock): *I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?* Touch.: *No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said, as lovers, they do feign.* Aud.: *Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?*

HATS ARE HIGH AGAIN

Berets come with the autumn as surely as falling leaves, and on the right is the newest version. In black velour soleil it rises steeply at the back, is swept forward, and the outer edge of the rim is caught down with a petersham rosette and ends. It has great distinction and is also extremely flattering

The new Vagabond hat is shown immediately below. It has a high crown, dented at the top and seamed, and a brim which is folded sharply against the sides and pulled well down over the eyes. There are many casual felt hats, all high-crowned and narrow

On the right is a jaunty but superlatively correct brown felt hat from Woodrow, of 62a, Piccadilly. It has a rolled brim, a crown that is tucked and pulled up to one side, and a coq feather mount curving over the top. They will, of course, make it in any other colours

On the left is the third of a trio of hats from Harrods of Knightsbridge. Nothing but a twist of antelope felt in Chambertin and moonlight blue—a quite lovely alliance—it is cone-shaped at the front and is lightly veiled with a rather deeper blue

HIGHLIGHTS OF STAGE *and* SCREEN

A RECRUIT TO CLASSIC BALLET: Java-born Nini Theilade, who first danced at the age of sixteen for Max Reinhardt, has made her debut this season with the Monte Carlo Company at Drury Lane, scoring a success in the role of "Poverty" in *Nobilissima Visione*—a dramatic interpretation of the conversion of St. Francis of Assisi. She has shown her versatility, too, by a spirited performance in *Carnaval*

THEY GET THEIR MEN: The three sisters, Elizabeth (Pauline Moore), Pamela (Loretta Young) and Moira (Marjorie Weaver), arrive at a luxury hotel with a legacy of £1,200 which they have decided to gamble on the chance that one of the trio will land a wealthy husband. An episode from the Hollywood screen version of the play *Three Blind Mice*. It had its London premiere at the Regal, Marble Arch, on August 19. *On right*—British actress Binnie Barnes as Nazama, the Tartar siren, in Samuel Goldwyn's film *The Adventures of Marco Polo*. Gary Cooper plays the title role

SCREEN BIOGRAPHY IN ROMANTIC VEIN: Gaby Morley as she appears in the part of Guiseppina Strepponi, the woman Verdi loved, in the Italian film of the great composer's life. It is to be hoped the picture will come to London, as it will be highly interesting to see how Verdi's career—for the most part one of unclouded happiness and success—has been adapted to a medium that thrives essentially on high drama and a wealth of incident

CREATORS OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE: Sir Edwin Lutyens and his collaborator, Mr. Cecil Masey, going over the plans of the building they are now designing and which will be set up in Kensington as a memorial to Shakespeare

THE NAVY'S NEW CHIEF: Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield (left), pictured at the Admiralty as he handed over his duties as First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff to his friend and successor, Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse (right)

HE SAW FOR HIMSELF: Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Secretary of State for the Colonies, accompanied by his sister, Sheila, and an R.A.F. officer on landing at Calshot following his flying visit to Palestine, where he took the opportunity of investigating at first hand aspects of the present racial conflict

PEOPLE *in the* NEWS

On left—
SEEN IN THE STANDS AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: The Hon. Randal Plunkett, son of playwright Lord Dunsany, with Miss Freda Keane, niece of Sir John Keane, of Waterford

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

PRIESTLEY WRITES A THRILLER

"The Doomsday Men," a First-Rate Yarn With An American Desert Setting

BY VERNON FANE

IN THE DOOMSDAY MEN (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) Mr. J. B. Priestley has written an adventure story. Among those of us who scribble about books I have noticed some, and I have no doubt there will be more, who will tell Mr. Priestley that he has no right to be writing adventure stories (never, perhaps, having read one of his best novels, *Benighted*) and manipulating what they are pleased to call puppets and their old friend the long arm of coincidence. I know what they mean by puppets, and so, presumably, do they, and I would like to say that Mr. Priestley couldn't create that kind of puppet if he tried. In a sentence, in a turn of phrase, in the bat of an eyelid, the creature will spring to life and some diversity of human nature will flash out. (Incidentally, if Mr. Priestley were consciously to create a puppet it wouldn't be long before you knew all about the person manipulating the strings.)

It seems to touch a new low (as the Americans say) in criticism to tell a writer of Mr. Priestley's stature that he mustn't deal in improbabilities. What are improbabilities, anyhow? 400 m.p.h. in an aeroplane to any Victorian; television to the manager of Poole's panorama.

Bring out the drums and the cymbals for Messrs. A. E. W. Mason and John Buchan, give even the late Edgar Wallace a pat on the back, but how dare Mr. Priestley display such versatility!

We deal in impressive words like "significance"; we suggest that much of Mr. Priestley's work has been "thought-provoking." It occurs to me that *The Doomsday Men* has as much significance as *The Four Feathers* and is as thought-provoking as *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. What is the matter with "thrillers," since with all their improbabilities, coincidences, and excursions into fantasy they sell by the 1,000,000 and still there are not enough of them? And who will challenge my statement that Mr. Priestley can write any thriller writer, in any language, off any portion of the map in which he resides?

The Doomsday Men is a thriller and a rattling good yarn. The author calls it "a fairy-tale in western rig." Western, because the focal point of the story is a modern palace in a desolate part of the S.W. American desert, a piece of country with which the author seems to have fallen in love, since it has evoked some of his finest descriptive writing.

It begins on the Riviera where a young Englishman partners and wins a tennis tournament with a beautiful, but enigmatic American girl. Then there is the professor, who knew so many of the secrets of atomic energy, who disappeared, and the young American scientist who came to London to find him. Again there is Jimmy Edlin, travelling to Los Angeles on the track of his brother's murderer. By different roads they travel, by aeroplane, by the *Queen Mary*, by exciting car rides, on western ponies, through hold-ups, past desperate gunmen, and with all sorts and kinds of adventures until they come to the White Tower.

There they are to come face to face with the cause of all their adventures and to meet the biggest adventure of all, for these are desperate, crazy, ferocious men possessing a dread scientific secret and determined to destroy the face of the earth and all who dwell upon it. The madmen must be outwitted and overcome: it is a desperate finish.

If the reader can find symbolic corollaries between these crazy scientists and some of the destructive forces gathering in the world to-day, that is the reader's affair. I can never remember whether Hans Andersen was a Marxist or a Fascist. Personally, I prefer to fall under the spell of Mr. Priestley's essential friendliness, to enjoy the wealth of incident and image with which he leads me from one suspense to another, to revel in his host of minor characters, in his shrewd asides about things animate and inanimate, to share the broad grin with which he rescues his characters by clapping funny hats on them; in short, to enjoy the full gallop of his rich imagination.

What the Lilliputians cannot bear is that Mr. Priestley is, and remains, by far the most popular novelist writing in English to-day. And the operative word in that sentence is *English*.

In the days of Charles Garvice—days which I sometimes regret for their modesty in entertainment standards—there was a convention in fiction of the more popular type that a young, friendless and invariably penniless girl, while acting as governess or companion or maid, should meet a rich, middle-aged and invariably embittered aristocrat, who would marry her and bear her off to his ancestral mansion which was, when the rules were properly observed, haunted.

I suppose *Jane Eyre* began it all and certainly the vogue for Rochesters has never really ceased. Perhaps, though, that vogue needed a fillip and it is Miss Daphne du Maurier who has decided to supply that with REBECCA (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.). The lonely girl, companion to a gross woman almost three times her age, is in the true tradition of the romances I recall. She is the heroine, the "I" of Miss du Maurier's story, and her meeting with the rich and mysteriously sad Max de Winter is as classic as the use of the first person for the telling of the story.

For Max had been married before, to Rebecca the beautiful, whose death in a sailing accident not a year previously had left him free to roam the world and to come at length to Monte Carlo where Mrs. van Hopper and her pathetic little companion awaited him. From that moment it was influenza and New York for Mrs. van Hopper, ecstasy and the beautiful house of Manderley for the girl, whose meagre salary had not compensated for months of humiliation and uncongenial work.

The girl was in love, so deeply and unquestioningly in love that the hurried marriage, brief Italian honeymoon, and return to Manderley passed like a flash, and she knew and cared nothing about her predecessor, or about the many silences of her husband. Manderley itself, one of the most beautiful of English houses, provided many clues to the tragedy and the final solution to the mystery, which was as deep and dark as any that Charlotte Brontë contrived.

Perhaps the best thing that Miss du Maurier has contrived, apart from the deliberately archaic style of writing which is a *tour de force* in itself, is the evocation of the house's own atmosphere, as personal to it as a scent. The grey stone of the long building, the lawns stretching towards the sea, the soft West Country winds and sunshine and rains, the wood smoke and the groves of azaleas, the little coves and the too quiet full tides—they are all as important to the telling of her story as the foibles of the characters themselves.

Not that those characters are neglected or sketchily presented. They have the absolute qualities of good and bad which appeal to the simple and, with the change of literary fashion which I foresee, will probably delight the sophisticated. The skull-faced Mrs. Danvers urging a fainting heroine to jump out of the window because "there's not much for you to live for, is there?" the blunt, interfering relations, the faithful spaniel of an agent, and behind them all the brooding ghost of the accomplished woman who had managed the great house and its guests so perfectly; all these are as sharply defined as Victorian portraits.

In only one thing does the author choose to innovate. Her plot, though in essentials cut to a familiar pattern, has at least two excellent twists to it. The unexpected happens, and happens with as much conviction as a reader has any right to expect in a story as carefully contrived and embroidered as a tapestry chair.

Just as there are those who, with the infinite resources of modern electrical lighting at their disposal, find more pleasure in the candle, so there are people who turn to the older forms of travel in preference to the speed and comfort of the shipping companies and air lines. Mr. Stanley Jepson is one, and his OVERLAND ROUTE FROM INDIA (*Times of India*, Rs. 6) is a comprehensive and well-documented account of the age-old route from Basra to Europe, by way of Ur, Bagdad, Nimrud, Nisibin, Aleppo, Ankara, Istanbul, Sofia, Belgrade, Budapest, Vienna, Milan, Montreux and Paris. He also gives some alternative routes.

Mr. Jepson confesses to have been bitten by the travel bug at a very early age, and he prefers the "journey-cum-holiday" (this one lasted five weeks) to the usual sea route which, he says, sooner or later loses its charm for the keen traveller. He is also an enthusiastic photographer, and an excellent one, as the seventy-four illustrations do prove, as well as operating a cine-camera, concerning which he gives many very valuable hints to those for whom Customs regulations, supplies, and the various technicalities of travel with that instrument are a closed book.

That Mr. Jepson could find any amount of "literature" about various stages of the journey from the travel agencies, but no book dealing with the whole journey inspired him to write this one. Every practical aspect is dealt with in detail, currencies, clothing, hotel and rail charges, restaurant and sleeping cars, and hundreds of the incidentals of such a journey, but somehow or other the author contrives to impart this not very exciting information in a narrative of beguiling interest of the peoples and places, the sights and sounds on the way. The author seems to have been able to select just those things that the ordinary person wants to know about and can find neither in guide nor history books.

A Last Look at the News: *A Pictorial Record from Many Quarters*

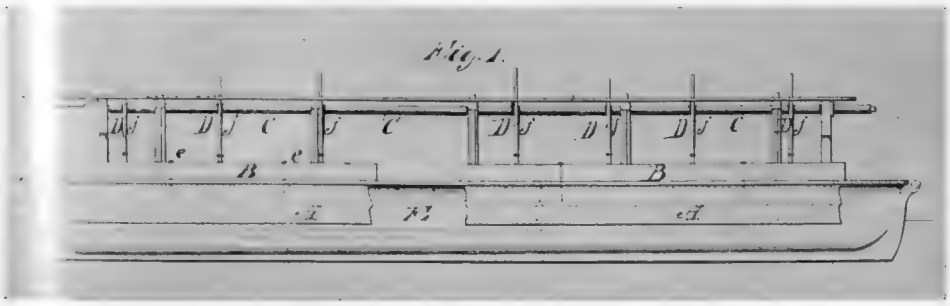
FROM KINGSWAY TO MAYFAIR: Looking across the trees to Berkeley-square House, the £1,000,000 block now on the point of completion, to which the Air Ministry, with its rapidly expanding staff, is shortly to be moved. It is claimed to be one of the most up-to-date office blocks in the world

REPUTED TO SYMBOLISE THE TRINITY: This portrait, depicting the Christ with three faces, has lately been found in Portugal. An attempt is being made to attribute it to Leonardo da Vinci

A RSATILE MUSICIAN: Sir Landon Ronald, whose eath is announced, was for many years principal f the Guildhall School of Music and one of the ost able conductors of our day. His artistic ptitude was so rich that he could have shone any one of half a dozen branches of music

THE LATE CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY: This renowned producer was co-founder and director of the Moscow Art Theatre and, such was his standing, was able to continue under the Bolshevists the work for the stage he started under the Tsars

LORD STANLEY CANADA-BOUND: The Dominions Secretary and his wife at Waterloo before boarding the boat-train en route to Toronto, where he is to open the Canadian National Exhibition. Following a recent leg injury Lord Stanley has to walk with a stick



SIDELIGHT ON THE SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT: This diagram, illustrating a device to lift boats by buoyant air chambers far enough out of the water to help them over shoals, was recently brought to light in New York and is declared to be the work of Abraham Lincoln who patented the idea in 1849 during his first term as a member of Congress. Nothing further ever came of the scheme

FIGHTING A DREAD DISEASE: Spraying disinfectant in Braintree. It is thought that two girl carriers of infantile paralysis have now been detected

COUNTRY MANSION FIRE: *Left*—The house at Wooton, near Bedford, where Flying Officer Clement Nelson Swann, his seven-months-old daughter, and the nurse were overcome by the flames. The ladder lying beneath the window where the child was trapped was used by Mr. Frederick Crowsley in a daring but unsuccessful attempt at rescue. *Right*—Mourners walking in the funeral procession at Cardington where Flying Officer Swann was buried with his daughter

IN THE WAKE OF LUDWIG LEICHHARDT

(*Continued from page* 287)

been opposed by the more parochially minded representatives of the peoples of the States.

Perhaps the explanation can be found in the more intimate contact which the Labour movement maintains, or seems to maintain, with the State rather than the Federal Parliament. Consequently, the influence which it wields is expressed more clearly through the former than the latter *vox pobuli*. And as this influence is essentially on behalf of the worker and the privilege for him which they so assiduously built up, it is not hard to grasp why a flow of new man-power into the Commonwealth does not appeal to them.

The leaders of the movement appreciate more evidently as they rise to prominence how desirable it is to do more with the interior, but the rank and file have not yet been generally educated to the thin wall of defence which separates them from the powers in Europe and the Orient, which do not overlook so vast and yet so thinly held a country as Australia.

The minor or sub-divisional schools of thought about the heart of this continent concern themselves with development problems should the supply of human material be directed towards this interesting if sometimes futile portion of the Commonwealth. And advisedly one calls this minor, since without men to do the job it is useless to plan its execution.

Here again we have another clash. Jack says the desert will blossom as a rose. Harry believes it has been well named the dead heart of Australia.

Jack has, one supposes, during a visit in an exceptional season, seen that marvellous evidence of fertility which follows rain. He has seen grasses growing measurably day by day; he has been amazed with the multitude of flowers, the prolificacy of shrubs and trees. And even should he admit that seasonal variations upset the continuity of such a happy condition, he goes further by forecasting the crops which irrigation could sustain. But he may not have appreciated that the long drought periods act upon the country like fallow upon a field, so that it is normally well rested when rain again descends. Hence the violence of desert herbage in its reappearance.

Should the seasons so alter that a suitable regular fall of rain came at intervals throughout each year one could hardly expect the same results. The soil would weary of its productivity.

It is ironical that the terrible country in which it now seems that Leichhardt and his men lost their lives should overlie the greatest artesian basin of the whole Dominion. For the subterranean water which has made possible the sheep industry of western Queensland extends west to the railway to Alice Springs, even beyond it.

Thus at any point in the Simpson Desert where one could put the drill far into the earth it would tap a gushing fountain of water. Seeing that Goyder Springs, 100 miles west of Horseshoe Bend, flow of their own accord, being actual leakage from this immense supply, the hole would need to be but shallow compared with the great depth to which the borer has to go nearer the Great Dividing Range.

And yet with all this water available one could not recommend that it be used for irrigation. At Alice Springs the rainfall is about 11 in., but the evaporation, I have been told—and I think truthfully—is 11 ft. per annum. Add to this the porosity of sandy soil, remoteness from the coast, competition with coloured labour in other countries, and you will perceive how arduous will be the task of him who would make the desert bloom artificially.

DRAMA (*Continued from page* 301)

general himself, "combined a pose imperious with a demeanour nobly bland"; Miss May Agate was dignified and pleasant; and Mr. Aubrey Dexter was cleverly undignified and most damnably unpleasant as a renegade priest preaching the gospel of Karl Marx.

Ballet Season in Retrospect.—Except for some inevitable mutual throat-cutting in the box-office department, the twin ballet seasons at Covent Garden and Drury Lane may both be considered successful, and balletomanes and others have reaped much pleasure. Neither troupe has produced novelties of any lasting importance. Of such, Drury Lane has been the more prolific, but only one, a cheery Offenbach scene, with Danilova at her best, really hit the mark; Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony* was so-so, *Nobilissima Visione* obscure and pretentious, and for *Icare*, the music-less ballet, I don't care.

Covent Garden has given us only *Protée*, a charming trifle, and *Cendrillon*, which is pretty, but not more than pretty. But Covent Garden has been far stronger in dancers. Riabouchinska is now absolutely in the first rank, and so is Baronova, who should, however, guard against a growing tendency to scowl fiercely when doing something particularly difficult. Grigorieva has come along well, and another brilliant dancer with a certain future is Morosova. Massine and his troupe are to give London a further three weeks of ballet in September and have arranged to move into Covent Garden. Afterwards they will go on to New York

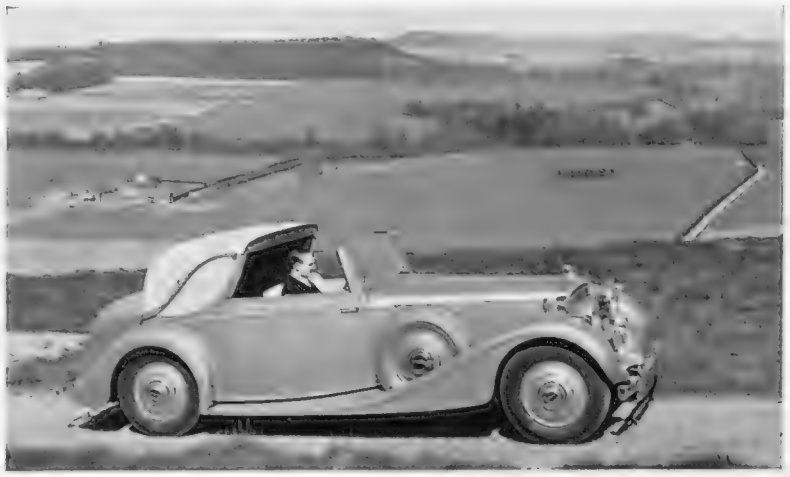
Postscript.—Since reviewing *Give Me Yesterday*, a notice of which appears on page 300, I have learnt that this comedy, which I suppose I had the misfortune to enjoy, has come to the end of a very brief career. I have known worse plays run a year.

THE PETROL WORLD: *By A. Percy Bradley*

HOSPITALS and MOTORING CASUALTIES

Those That Accept Roadside Accident Cases Deserve Financial Support From the Motorist, But Raising the Funds Presents a Problem

NO motorist worthy of the name has anything but praise for the work of the various hospitals throughout the country. There is an enormous number of them, and whereas thirty or forty years ago they carried on their humane work amongst their own people, to-day they find themselves opening the door more and more to strangers. The growth of motoring was bound to produce this effect and, trying as the situation is at the moment, I am afraid that it is going to become very much worse.



A FINE COMBINATION: This Sedanca Coupé on a 4½-litre Bentley chassis, which won a Premier Award in the R.A.C. Rally at Blackpool, was planned by Mr. Jack Barclay for his own personal use and contains many novel features including patent parallel opening doors and a complete canteen fitted behind the rear seat

These hospitals, many of them most efficiently conducted, are supported by voluntary subscriptions and when any member of the families who provide those subscriptions has to be sent to the hospital for treatment there is naturally an uproar if all the available beds are filled with what one might term outside casualties.

Those who control hospitals sooner or later find themselves confronted with the problem as to whether to refuse roadside accident cases or enlarge the premises. Usually the latter step is taken and not only the construction but the maintenance of the enlargements made costs a lot of money. Local people probably consider that as the extra expense has been incurred to accommodate roadside casualties those that travel through their district by road should be asked, or rather given the opportunity, to contribute.

That is all very right and proper and to be highly commended, but so far as I can see at the moment the only method adopted by the hospital authorities of collecting money from road users is to send out a small army of collectors armed with fishing nets, sheets, buckets and even hats to the verges of the roads and plaster each side with various mottoes and appeals. The other week-end on a journey from London to Royston I went through three districts where this form of hospital collection was being applied. In each of the three cases the collectors had selected either a roundabout or a set of traffic lights as that portion of the roadway from which to make their appeal.

Now if the hospital authorities were, so to speak, short of business and all their beds were empty I cannot imagine a more efficient way of filling them than by adopting measures such as I have mentioned. The practice is undoubtedly exceedingly dangerous and should be stopped straight away before it is too late. At the same time the hospitals do want cash and there may be good reasons as to why motorists in particular should send in contributions.

It is a matter, however, which should be tackled nationally and not left to each individual district to think out ideas. In all probability national bodies, such as the R.A.C. and A.A., would assist not only in producing a plan but also in carrying it out.

I had an illustration of the folly of buying cheaply, when applied to motoring, presented to me very vividly the other day. A friend of mine had left his car at Cambridge and had gone on up river in his cruiser where he was awaiting my arrival with a party. We had previously arranged that we would call in at Cambridge and one of my crew would drive the second car up to our meeting place. The night before, however, I received a wire telling me not to worry as the car had already been moved.

When we met together I impressed upon my friend that it would have been no worry whatever to have stopped en route and that it must have been a great inconvenience and expense to him to have made other arrangements. He then confessed that the reason he did not ask me to drive the car was because a new tyre that he had bought had burst so that there was no spare wheel left for an emergency, and realising that I am not particularly fond of running unnecessary risks of punctures or anything else, he had paid someone to drive the car to its destination for him.

It turned out that by buying a so-called cheaper cover he had saved £1, but I am quite certain that the cost of hiring a paid driver to bring the car from Cambridge to his destination was far in excess of that sum. I realise that more often than not people cannot afford to buy high-priced goods, but I do want to point out that where the difference is so small as £1, the saving of that by buying what must be an inferior article is false economy. Had my friend bought a Dunlop in the first instance he would have had more money in his pocket at the moment and his mind would now be more at rest, as he would know that there was not much risk of any more unexpected cover breakdowns.

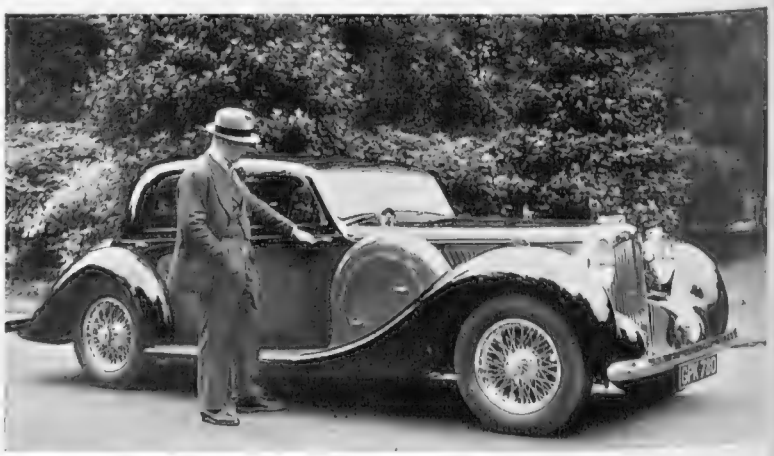
I doubt if there is any other motoring contest which is so well known throughout the world as the Monte Carlo Rally. Being a trying test it always takes place in winter and so conjures up visions of frosters, ice chains, and skis, I must excuse myself for mentioning it now in the summer months by the fact that intending competitors are now starting to examine the regulations for the 1939 event.

Speaking in a general sense, there are no great alterations in these regulations, but there are quite a number of minor points which are different from those ruling this year. Once again there will be eight major starting places, and the number of marks allotted from each of these is as follows: Athens 500, Bucharest 498, Tallinn 498, Palermo 497, Stavanger 497, Umea 496, John o' Groats 496, Amsterdam 468.

Competitors will note that the number of marks is just the same as this year with the exception of those allotted to Tallinn, which are 498 as compared with 497 this year. The reason that this town is now, as it were, more valuable from the competitor's view-point is because on the last occasion it was deserted and the organisers think that by giving one additional mark some competitors at least will select it as a starting point.

Control stations will be set up in the same towns, but on the last section, though the route passes Grenoble, this town will no longer be a control station. The last stage, therefore, will be from Lyons to Monte Carlo. Another alteration is that whereas previously competitors retained their cars after checking in at a control, they will now have to leave them in the custody of an official until it is the proper time to start. This will obviously prevent the carrying out of any repairs or refuelling whilst the cars are in a control.

The body regulations have been tightened up so that, in effect, only closed bodies which figure as standard productions will be eligible. The eliminating trials are three in number, the most important of these being a regularity test over the winter route des Alpes, but from Lyons to Monte Carlo instead of from Grenoble to Monte Carlo. Five secret checks will be set up to make certain of the speed of the cars. At Monte Carlo the second test will be held, and this consists of a 300-metre start-and-brake test, which must be undertaken by the competitors on arrival at Monte Carlo.



ABILITY TO RUN 10—110 M.P.H. IN TOP GEAR is one of the features of this 12-cylinder Lagonda built for Earl Howe, the noted racing driver, who is seen beside it. It is finished in the Howe racing colours—blue, black, and silver

Consumption of new Lighter Castrol on Austin 18

"absolutely nil" over 4000 miles of desert

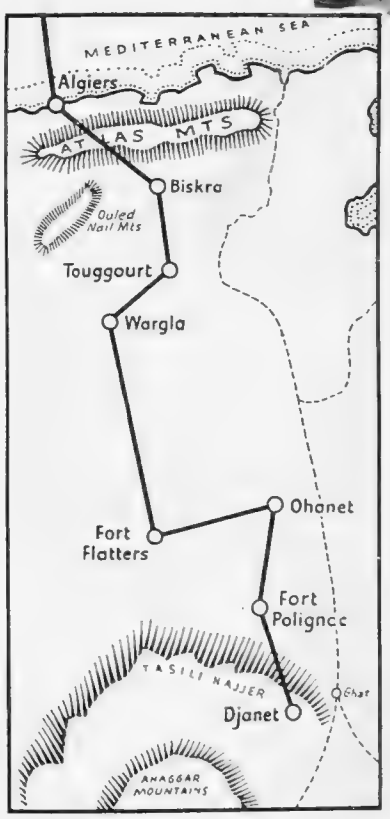
H. I. SYMONS writes:

THE CU TING, GIVONS GROVE, LEATHERHEAD

"You ay be interested to know that I used the ap ropriate grade of your new *Lighter* Patent Castrol in the course of a particularly arduou journey between the Libyan and Sahara Deserts.

"As ou know, Sahara nights are usually extren ly cold, but high temperatures are reache during the day and I wanted an oil that w uld be perfectly free when starting from ad cold and yet retain its qualities under ery hard driving conditions in the heat o the day.

"Th new lighter Patent Castrol XL proved 100 per cent. satisfactory on the most gruelli g desert journey I have yet undertaken. Owing to a scorching following wind the temperature inside the car was frequently over 112 degrees Fahrenheit, and on one occasion reached 116 degrees, and the engine was consequently running at high temperatures most of the time for long spells in low gear. I am glad to say that *the oil consumption of the Austin Eighteen saloon,* which I used for the journey, *was absolutely nil over a distance of* 4,000 *miles* and the pressure never varied throughout.



"This test has convinced me that lighter Patent Castrol can be used with confidence in very hot climates, and that it retains its lubricating properties over long periods of hard driving."

H. I. Symons

The original of this unsolicited appreciation to C. C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd., may be inspected at Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

WAKEFIELD PATENT

Castrol

LIGHTER GRADES

LIBERATE POWER

AUSTIN OFFICIALLY RECOMMEND THE NEW LIGHTER PATENT CASTROL XL

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The Bathing Beach at Taormina (Sicily)

Write to the Italian State Tourist Department (E.N.I.T.), 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1, or to any Travel Agency for descriptive booklets. You will be surprised to find how little it costs to spend a holiday in—

SUNNY ITALY

The problem of deciding where to spend a late autumn holiday is easily solved if you select

THE ITALIAN LAKES
THE LIGURIAN RIVIERA
THE BAY OF NAPLES
or **SICILY.**

The cities—**ROME, NAPLES, FLORENCE, MILAN**—and the charming hill towns of Tuscany and Umbria are also delightful at this season.

SPECIAL TOURIST RATE OF EXCHANGE

HOTEL COUPONS from **5/-** to **18/-** a day absolutely inclusive

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AUTUMN CRUISES

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SEPT. 30. Mediterranean **18** days from **31** gns.
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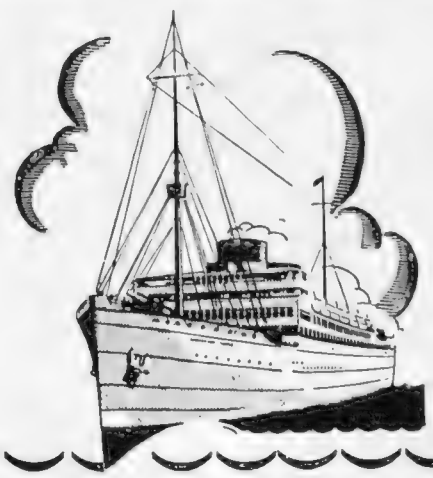

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SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

CRUISING ON SUNNY SEAS

When the "Atlantis" will Draw a White Line Along the Equator

AS our thoughts turn with resignation to those dull grey days we always associate with an English winter it is refreshing to catch sight of the colourful brochures in which the shipping companies announce their plans for following the sun on its track towards the Tropic of Capricorn. There is plenty of warmth long before you reach that imaginary line.

I picked up the folder of the Royal Mail, probably because the Venetian scene in orange and turquoise on the outer panel seemed to radiate sunshine, and found it contained a most inviting programme between now and the early days of the New Year. When for most folk holidays will be but memories, the *Atlantis*, whose whole life is spent in cruising, will be off on one of the most attractive itineraries I know. She sails from Southampton on September 30 and has an unbroken run of over 1,500 miles to Algiers, where she will give her passengers time for a not too hurried look round.

Then she goes on to Naples for a day and a night—a very good arrangement—to Capri for some hours and then to Catania in Sicily. The real objective there, of course, is Taormina, one of the outstanding jewels of Italy. Snow-capped smouldering Etna is a wonderful background for the fertile slopes running down to the deep blue of the Ionian Sea. The next call is at Malta and then Sfax in Tunis.

The following four days will be spent at sea on the 1,300-mile run to Lisbon, where a stay of 24 hours is long enough for an excursion to Cintra, a lovely little town 17 miles from the capital, renowned for its modern Pena Palace and ancient Moorish castle. The liner is due at Southampton on the morning of October 18.

Two days later, on October 21, the *Atlantis* is off Casablanca, calling first at Casablanca and then at Safi. If weather permits a landing, and it probably will, you should not miss the run to the old Saharan town of Marrakesh with its red walls and lovely gardens. The cruise continues to Las Palmas, Tenerife, Santa Cruz de la Palma and Madeira. The calls are so timed as to give the best possible opportunities for seeing something of these attractive places. The cruise occupies fifteen days.

The next cruise takes in Christmas and the New Year. Leaving on December 22, the *Atlantis* is pretty certain of Christmas sunshine and the festival will be fittingly celebrated. She will be at Madeira on Boxing Day and afterwards make for the tropics. After a call at Dakar in Senegal she will be not far from the "Line" when the old year passes out. For some hours on January 2 she will leave a white line in her wake through that part of the sea which the sextant experts will decide is the Equator. The occasion will be marked inevitably by a visit from Father Neptune and that alone is an experience worth undergoing on this cruise. Afterwards there will be visits to Sierra Leone, Gambia, and Las Palmas.

FOR A TONIC HOLIDAY: The Pavilion of the Grande Source at Vittel and (*left*) the popular Hermitage Hotel

"Normandie's" First 100,000.—Those people who revel in figures might employ spare moments in working out the staggering figures for this year's cruising season, the miles cruised and the money spent and the numbers who have cruised and spent. The French Line did it in the case of the *Normandie's* when she scored her century of crossings between Le Havre and New York. In three years she carried 100,000 people, equivalent to the entire population of Reading, and it required a small sea of oil to drive the great liner on her journeys. The figure is given as 550,000 tons of oil, which is beyond the comprehension of we humble travellers who count ourselves fortunate with a 5-gallon can in the garage.

Staggering, too, is the vision of a host of 12,000 head of cattle backed up by 500,000 feathered creatures from pheasants to turkeys, but that is what those 100,000 consumed—among other things. Table wine is free with all meals and this took 580,000 bottles; nevertheless 60,000 bottles of fine wines and champagne and 70,000 bottles of liqueurs were drunk, to which must be added 650,000 bottles served to the staff and crews. Some 750,000 bottles of beer were accounted for and teetotallers were content with 120,000 bottles of minerals—a rather modest gesture to the Blue Riband!

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

CAPRI'S ROMAN RUINS: Those taking the *Atlantis* cruise, which starts at Southampton on September 30, will have a chance to spend a few hours on this renowned island when en route from Naples to Sicily

VITTEL IN SEPTEMBER

Medically, Socially, and Climatically the Ideal Month to Visit this Spa

A CHARACTERISTIC of this holiday season is that many people have left their plans open until almost the last minute. If you are still hesitating I would like to make a suggestion. Possibly you want to make the holiday a real tonic, and you could not do better than Vittel. There is still a month of the season to run there, and by many it is regarded as the best period of all, medically, socially and climatically.

In a feature devoted to travel one is tempted to try to picture for you the glorious setting of this countryside spa with the fresh green of its meadows and woods, the pleasing slopes of the hills, and the far horizon of the Vosges mountains, but we must not lose sight of the fundamental attraction of the place, its springs. These health-giving waters, virtually fountains of youth, have been known for many centuries. The Romans built baths at the Fontaine de Gérémoy, now known as the Grande Source, and last century, when the Source Hépar was harnessed, links with older civilisations were unearthed. There is a third spring, the Source Marie, not so well known, perhaps, as the others.

By the standards of other days, Vittel had a glorious past, but those times are eclipsed by the conditions of to-day. The genius of the artist is evident everywhere in this most compact of spas, which fits perfectly into a beautiful setting provided by the natural surroundings; "the park spa of Europe" is a singularly fitting expression so often applied to Vittel.

It is firstly a station for the cure or relief of divers complaints under the heading of arthritis, and it is, perhaps, the most celebrated of all spas for the treatment of kidneys and liver. The duration of the cure is three weeks and it consists chiefly in taking the waters in certain quantities and at regular hours. Cases naturally differ, but under the excellent medical service each is assured of the proper treatment. The result is invariably a perfect tuning of the system and in the process a more buoyant mentality asserts itself and a keener appreciation of the charm of the spa itself and its surroundings develops.

In the soundness of their wisdom the authorities have realised that the best complement to the waters are the walks which abound in the district, from little strolls in the town to longer and more difficult excursions. These routes have all been carefully mapped; there are no elastic kilometres and you cannot lose your way. Numerous seats and covered shelters are installed along the walks, and to help the rambler special signs of a different colour for each destination are conveniently placed on sign-posts, rocks and trees. There are shady walks to the sports fields, tennis courts, bowling greens, golf and race courses and the polo ground, the last-named now additionally interesting because France won the Continental championship there this year.

The pump-rooms are under the same roof as the new swimming pool with its beach and the indoor play-rooms. The casino and the baths are close at hand, and Vittel was one of the first watering-places to open a special park for children.

F. B.

GOLFING RIDING
SWIMMING TENNIS

Opened in July . . .
. . . the very latest word !

We told the Architects "only the best." We gave them carte blanche. Every resource went to the making of a Superlative Hotel. We know that it is the very latest word . . . and so will you when you have stayed with us.
Would you like to look out from your bedroom over the Irish Sea and the mouth of the Ribble, while light and shadow mingle on the waves ? Would you like to test superlative foods and superlative service ? We know what you will say to your friends . . . you will say STAY AT THE

CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL
Lytham St. Annes

14 miles from Preston.
7 from Blackpool Airport.
Full particulars from the Manager, J. J. Heretier.

***One** in a thousand !*

Like a vintage wine the Tollard Royal has weathered the years. It is known as a very comfortable first-class hotel, distinct from the thousand others in Bournemouth by three characteristic points :

Its position on the more fashionable West Cliff is the finest in the town.

It has a licensed and fully equipped Bridge Club.

Its Solarium, with the patented Rosenburg ultra violet rays, provide sun-bathing 24 hours a day.

The

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

100 rooms and suites. Lift. Terms from 5½ gns. For detailed tariff write Martin Solar.

THE HOTEL IN THE PATH OF THE SUN

Facing due South and the Sea in its own three acres of Grounds. Golf and Riding in a sunny, bracing climate. And indoors a tradition of hospitality, the best of English fare, a picked wine list, balconies looking on to the Sea, and, of course, running water. Your well being is the personal interest of the Proprietor, G. JAMES. Write to him for brochure. *Telephone 40.*

THE ROYAL **NORFOLK** HOTEL BOGNOR REGIS

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone : 4071-2.

Cornish Riviera
BOSCARN HOTEL, LOOE
18 miles from Plymouth. Wonderful position facing South. Sea, Sands and Sun.
Telephone : Looe 23
Under the same direction as
THE DORSET SQUARE HOTEL, Baker Street, LONDON
Telephone : Pad. 4452
whose fame for fresh Cornish produce and peacefulness away from the world of traffic has spread over two hemispheres Write for booklet

A "SEE" HOLIDAY

We live in a land of beauty, famous dales, 'fish-full' rivers, and towering peaks, surrounded by thousands of acres protected by the National Trust. Here is the "See" Holiday Centre perfect. Free golf, tennis, dancing, croquet, bowls. Here are all the incidental pleasures of living, where the daily average of visitors all the year is well over 200. Holiday this year at

SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK

Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. The terms, which run from 13/- to 18/- a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone : Matlock 17.

ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An Autumn holiday ? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious headquarters for a delightful Autumn. Fullest details with pleasure from the proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams : "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

In Quest of

An Edinburgh Hotel That Bids Our Big Cities—Luxury

FASHIONS change in length of skirt, mode of hats, in all walks of life. Even in hotels. What was good enough for the misnamed "good old days" when the coach and four clattered into the inn yard is no longer good value to-day.

There were no refrigerators then to keep fresh food fresh, no gas or electric fires in bedrooms and if you were lucky enough to have a coal fire overnight the chances were that it would have gone out sufficiently long to allow the ice to form in the water jug. Enough of candle grease, cast-iron beds and long-tasselled night-caps ! Let us turn to more modern days.

When the history of English hotels comes to be written it will be recorded that a new era in luxury hotels commenced with the erection of such familiar London landmarks as the Savoy, the Ritz and the Carlton. Their style, their mode of decoration and furnishing have been copied throughout the world. Their names have been borrowed with shameless impunity, yet in many respects the originals still set a standard in luxury hotel construction.

Behind these hotel enterprises was a peer of the realm, whose artistic sense in his early youth rebelled against the Victorian era with its antimacassars, flowered carpets, wax flowers and glass bowls, and knowing that almost every period from the Tudor to the Georgian had designed the most artistic and practical forms of furniture and decoration determined that he would devote himself to bringing their value into general recognition. That he was largely responsible for bringing about the new English decorative renaissance and its influence on decorative art throughout the world is no idle statement.

Recently I came across this same peer, who, with boundless energy and practical experience, was engaged in a new role. To his direction and driving force is due the construction, furnishing and decoration of the New Carlton Hotel at Edinburgh, an hotel which bids fair to inaugurate a new fashion in our big cities—namely, the cult of medium-size luxury hotels at popular prices.

A short while ago I emerged at Waverley Station, Edinburgh, from my sleeper on the night express from King's Cross to find Auld Reekie looking more dour than usual. A porter from the hotel met me. I walked a yard or two across the street from the station. I entered the portals of the New Carlton and walked into gladness.

It was a clever thought on the part of someone to have hit on that modern note to greet one on entering. The night was at once forgotten. A new day had begun.

Shopping . . .

Whether you come to town to buy a car, a dog, a gun, a business . . . or a hat, you will find that the Alexandra is right in the centre of things—Knightsbridge and Piccadilly at your doorstep, the world of entertainment within a few minutes. You will also find undiluted comfort in every detail and undoubted value for money in our terms.

Alexandra Hotel
HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1
140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
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FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.
Illustrated brochure free on request.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, swimming, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths. Moderate inclusive terms.
SELSDON COURT HOTEL, in same park, at first tee of Golf Course. Inclusive summer terms from 4½ gns. per week.

Stay at the centre of centres for Tours—
SOUTHAMPTON POLYGON HOTEL
For Luxury without Extravagance
'Phone : Southampton 5061 'Grams : Polygon Hotel, Southampton

For air that braces, sun that tans, cooking that pleases and cocktails that cheer, For nights of bliss and days of fullness, spend your holidays, short or long, at

THE PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE
A first-class hotel in a sunny and sheltered position. Telephone : 2666

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Fair to Start a New Fashion in at Popular Prices

Whisked up to the reception office, I was greeted with a smile, and when I came to leave, and pay my bill, I, too, was smiling! A bedroom with private bath and breakfast costs 12s. 6d.—and breakfast in Scotland is no mean affair. My bedroom, as all the 100 bedrooms, was a luxury one in miniature. There was no crampedness yet no unnecessary waste of space. There were all the essentials. A telephone by my bedside to connect the world without, and this world of its own within. There was controllable central heating, ample wardrobe space, a most comfortable bed, and an easy chair. A small lobby cut me off from the outside corridor.

There was an atmosphere of peacefulness and tranquillity, nor did this impression desert me when I left my room. Carpets in the corridor thick to the tread; apple-green doors and cream walls. Everything was in good taste. Each public room seemed to fit its purpose. Personally, I find it difficult to settle down to read in an hotel, but in the reading room of the New Carlton I fell asleep.

Perhaps the feature which impressed me most was the silver grill. The service and cuisine could not have been bettered in the West End of London, but the prices were easily a third cheaper. Unless I am much mistaken, this silver grill will become one of the most popular rendezvous in Scotland, for here at any time a hot meal can be served with extraordinary expedition and with lenience to one's purse.

The black and silver ballroom, now completed, was not quite finished when I was there. With the silver grill it will fill a long-felt want in Edinburgh, and has already been booked ahead for numerous private balls, banquets and weddings.

There is much else that could be written about this hotel which is going to set a new fashion in hotel construction. But go and see it for yourself. I visited it with a degree of scepticism, but I came away with a whole-hearted enthusiasm for the man who had the vision to plan it, for those experts who advised him, as well as for the staff before and behind the scenes who have been inspired with the keenness and enthusiasm of the master mind in the control room.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

For quiet seaside luxury, come to

SHORE HOTEL

BOOK NOW FOR SEPTEMBER

New Chichester EAST WITTERING Sussex

No piers, no pierrots, no promenade. Magnificent air. A wonderful sunshine record. Safe bathing direct from the hotel. Fine wine, good food, "Slumberland" nights. Terms from 5 to 7 gns. according room and month. Telephone: West Wittering 345. A.A., R.A.C. Fully licensed.

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

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The holiday rush will be over . . . schools will have recommenced. There will be a "Bleak House" atmosphere abroad. But not at

LINCOMBE HALL

The Garden Hotel of Torquay

Here the season never flags. Every year there's a regular "school" who would not miss their late holiday at Lincombe Hall. Pleasant people to meet. Full staff and service. Our September "school" enjoy by day picnic parties to the beauty spots of Devon; free bathing; free tennis; by night, a game of cards, billiards, or snooker. We have 50 bedrooms, many with private bathroom.

Inclusive September Terms from 4½ gns.

Write for descriptive brochure.

SCOTLAND

IN THE CLACHAN OF ABERFOYLE

In the Highlands of Rob Roy, this modern Hotel with the world-famous "Bailie's Bar." Situated at "The Gateway to the Highlands," ideal for visiting the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, etc. Fishing on Loch Chon and Loch Ard free to visitors. Open all the year. Fully Licensed. Only 27 miles from the Empire Exhibition. Story of "The Bailie" free with Tariff.

Resident Proprietor: Alastair D. Cameron.

'Phones: Aberfoyle **202-3.** *'Grams:* "ABUNDANCE, ABERFOYLE."

THE BAILIE NICOL JARVIE HOTEL

Ⓛ

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure

From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed. 50 miles from Empire Exhibition Tariff free

PEEBLES HYDRO

Ⓛ

SCOTLAND—*continued*

"ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL, PITLOCHRY"

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL

In the heart of the glorious Highlands with the comforts and enterprise of a modern palatial Hotel. Golf, Tennis, Swimming (indoor and out), Dancing, etc. Programme, "Highland Occasions," and Tariff free.

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Right in the heart of romantic Scotland the

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offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropolis. Running water in every bedroom. A cuisine above reproach. Golf. Motoring. Free Fishing. Tele. Kinloch Ard, 210. Fully Licensed.

LOCH ARD — ABERFOYLE — PERTHSHIRE

EDINBURGH **THE ALISON HOTEL**

Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

Telephone 31295 *Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
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Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
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Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
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Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
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Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
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Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Fier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

(Continued on page 312)

THE STORY OF MARIE DUCRET

(*Continued from page 288*)

It wasn't long before one was found, and, with the co-operation of other ranks entering into the spirit of the romance, a comfortable enough wartime home was evolved on the principle of scrounging furniture, fuel, most things, from neighbouring empty homes. And for six weeks everything in the garden was lovely.

It was even delicious, in as much as the lieutenant, on the plea of fatigue following a recent illness, managed to get himself excused from two-thirds of night duty that would normally have been his. Instead, he was able most evenings to pop off to the love nest, 5 miles in rear of Moreuil, not to appear at headquarters until nine next morning. He liked being billeted in calm and solitude, he explained, because his nerves were still bad. The whole business seems to have been pretty lax, because the lieutenant was also allowed to take home secret papers on which he could work o' nights.

As April wore on, it became gradually borne in upon the Tenth Army staff that there was a spy or traitor somewhere around who was giving away every move in advance. Each move ordered by the Tenth Army would be countered in a way that indicated that the enemy was cognisant beforehand of the intended move.

On one occasion an attack was minutely prepared with the object of reducing a salient that seemed but thinly garrisoned. The French ran up against a murderous stone wall—200 dead. That was at Bouchavesnes. In short, Counter-espionage was put on to the tragic mystery.

Four times daily army headquarters dispatched to the Grand Quartier at Compiègne a summary of decisions taken, casualties, requests for reinforcements; in fact, of everything connected with the life of the group. Each evening one copy of these bulletins was sent to the War Ministry in Paris. Clearly, the first thing to do was to establish who had access to those reports.

Six staff officers shared the job of assembling and forwarding the summaries, relieving each other through the twenty-four hours. By a process of elimination two staff captains, a lieutenant, and a 2nd lieutenant were struck out; they could not possibly be guilty. There remained a lieutenant (S——) and the 2nd lieutenant who carried the precious summaries to Compiègne.

The latter was "vetted" first and proved innocent. There remained but Lieutenant S——.

A most admirably noted young officer, aged 23. Just those rather odd things about him, that he liked solitude, avoided night duty, systematically took secret papers back to his distant billet, for logging purposes.

How about this billet?

CONTINUATIONS

Counter-espionage set off one night to investigate—and, upon arrival, heard unmistakable kisses within. Still, that mightn't be so terrible, after all. Although it was a bit strange, considering S—— was enjoying privileges on the score of poor physical condition.

The following day S—— was ordered to take night duty, and, when he was safely in the chateau that acted as army headquarters, Counter-espionage set off a second time in the direction of the lonely billet, intending to turn things over a bit, within. Judge of their surprise when, on approaching the cottage, they perceived a light. And of their suppressed excitement, when, tip-toeing to a window, they peered in through curtains to behold a girl busily writing.

At which dramatic moment a car broke the silence and drew up outside. Counter-espionage hopped noiselessly back into the roadway. And found the car was the one allotted by the army to carry the day's summary each night to Paris!

In a twinkling, the driver was able to throw a maximum of light on affairs. "I call here each night by order of Lieutenant S—— to take Mademoiselle's letters to Paris. It is her family, I understand, that would imperatively have news of her each day."

Counter-espionage, plus the driver, hopped back to the door of the cottage and crashed it in with one mighty barge. It was essential that the young woman should not have a second's time in which to destroy anything. Nor did she have. She was in the act of copying one of the previous day's bulletins marked "secret," which her lieutenant friend had brought along in the normal way, for logging.

Marie Ducret made swift but hopeless gesture to burn the papers and dive away through a side door. She was collared; and that same night she made a full confession.

Lieutenant S—— did not live to hear of Marie Ducret being sentenced in June. He was killed shortly before, at the head of a counter-attacking party on the Chemin des Dames. He had insisted on forthwith returning to the line.

SAN GIMIGNANO: (*Continued from page 292*)

Eight days before her death St. Gregory appeared to her in a vision, promising that "on his feast day, March 12, 1253, she should join him in Paradise."

Scarcely, however, had she departed, when, according to the legend, the devils "filled the air with whirlwinds; but against them, moved by angel hands, the bells of San Gimignano rang out in sweet confidence, so that the whirlwinds were calmed and the storm stilled. And when the people came to the house of Santa Fina they found it full of the most sweet fragrance as of Paradise itself."

All wondered at this marvel, and at the healing of blindness and paralysis of those who touched the body: and, reverencing this golden-haired girl as patron saint of their city, the San Gimignanesi two centuries later commissioned Giuliano and Benedetto da Maiano to build and adorn a shrine for her in the *Collegiata*, and Ghirlandajo to paint scenes illustrative of her life; and there, in 1488, they brought and laid her body.

Through centuries they have remembered and done her honour; even, they say, the gillyflowers which spring from the crevices of the towers bloom punctually in honour of Santa Fina; and this year (August 7–14) celebrations were held in commemoration of the seventh centenary of Fina's birth. **Dorothy Nevile Lees**

LONDON'S EVER-CHANGING FACE

(*Continued from page 299*)

probably held the Norman arches were clearly visible. Among an assortment of broken crockery found in the mud of the river-bed were numerous two-handled beer-mugs of late sixteenth-century design, several broken pipes of about 1700, and a curl-peg of about 1770—probably used by some fashionable lady to help roll some high piled head of hair.

The cleaning of the Adam screen at the Admiralty offices is not the only improvement in Whitehall carried out recently by the Office of Works. A successful attack and general tidying up has been carried out in the precincts of the Treasury Passage, which runs from St. James's Park into Downing Street. Dilapidated railings, gates, dust-bins, coal dumps and other accumulations of rubbish, which previously bordered the passage, have been cleared away, the paths have been relaid, and the trees clipped back, and where previously a rather sordid collection of back-yard utensils had their home now appear pleasant lawns and well-kept pathways.

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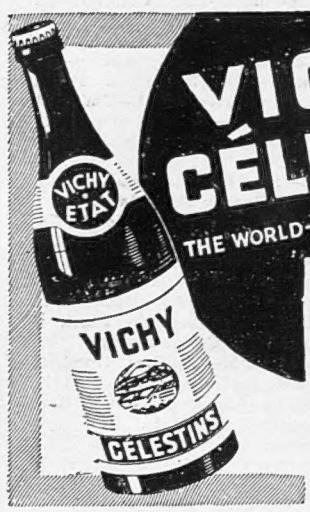

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*Continued*

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Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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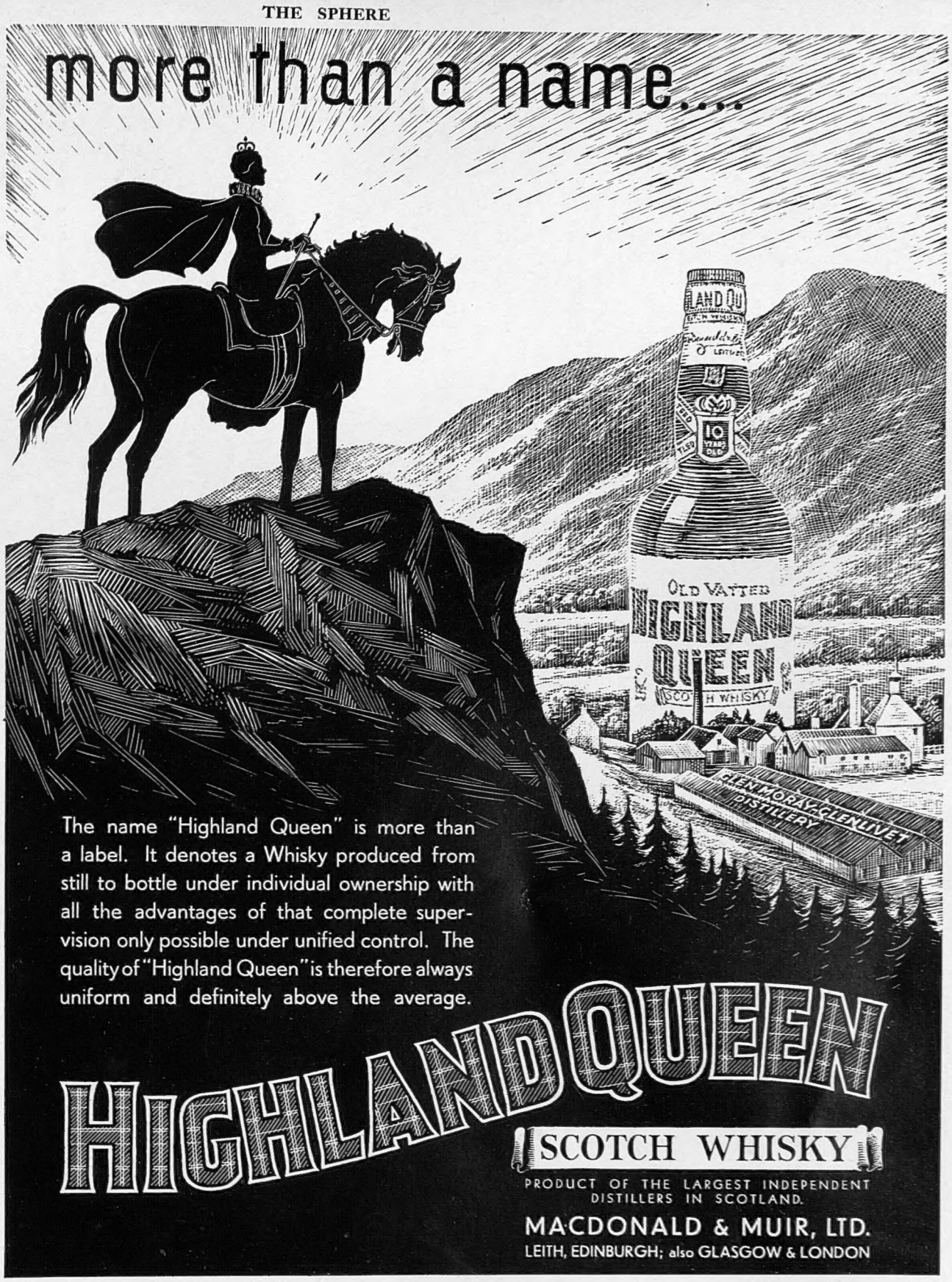

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